VOL. CCXIX, No. 2858
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NOVEMBER 20, 1954

The SPHERE

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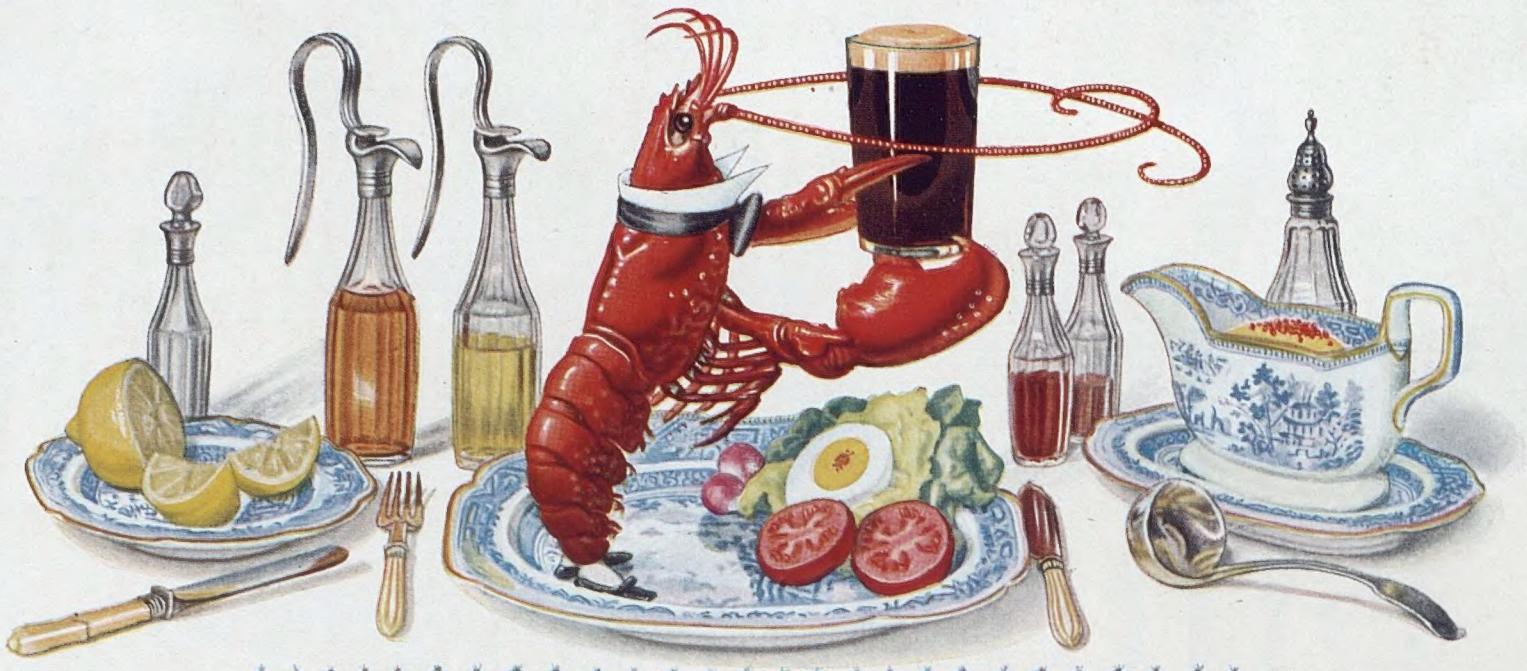

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. . . I heard him declare,
"What matters the menu if Guinness be there ?
Be it duck Bigarade, be it chicken Suprême,
It is Guinness we epicures really acclaim,
And oysters and lobsters and fish of the sea
Without it are sawdust and ashes to me.
But I really don't mind if you dish up a stone—
I would cheerfully banquet off Guinness alone."

I passed by his table, and marked with what care
He poured out the nectar, so foaming and fair,
And how fondly he gazed at the head, like thick cream,
And the velvety depths with their ruby-like gleam.
I saw with what fervour (but no undue haste)
He savoured in sips that delectable taste.
To see him so relish that Guinness, I thought it
An honour—though 'twas for myself I had bought it.

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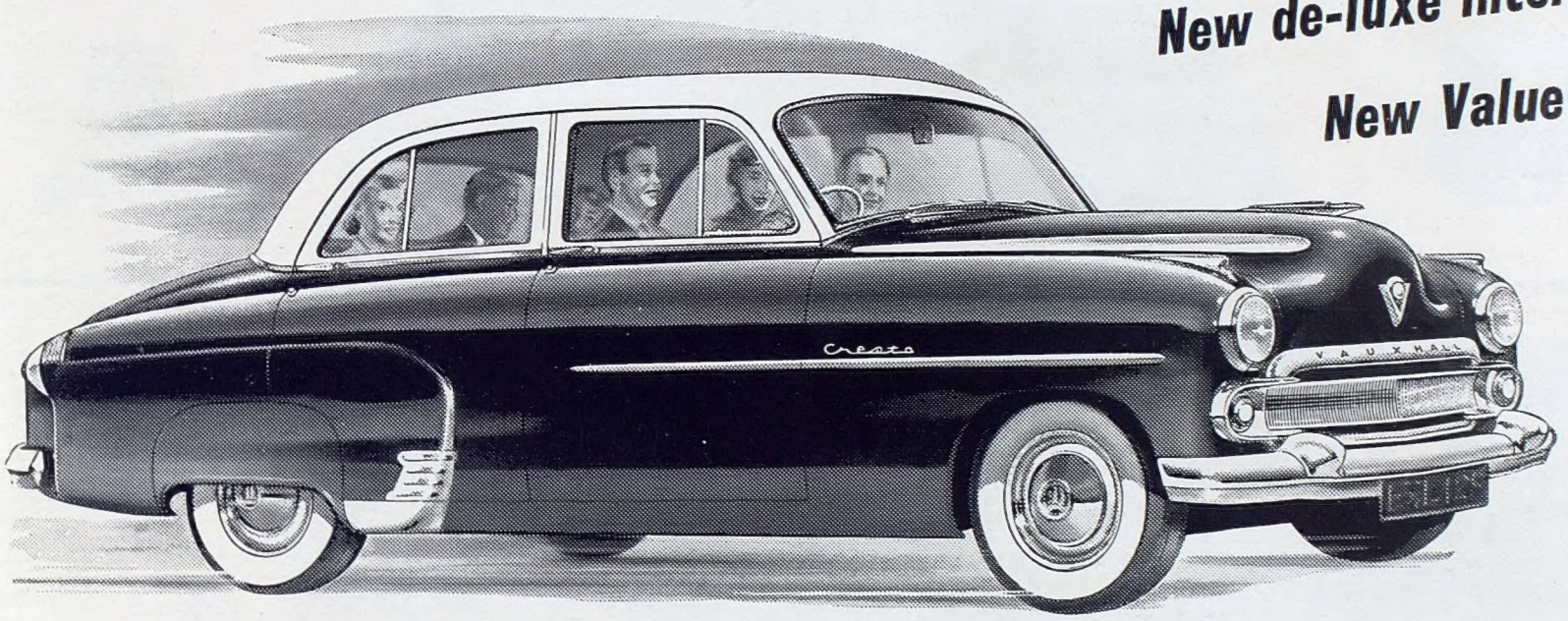
New Value!



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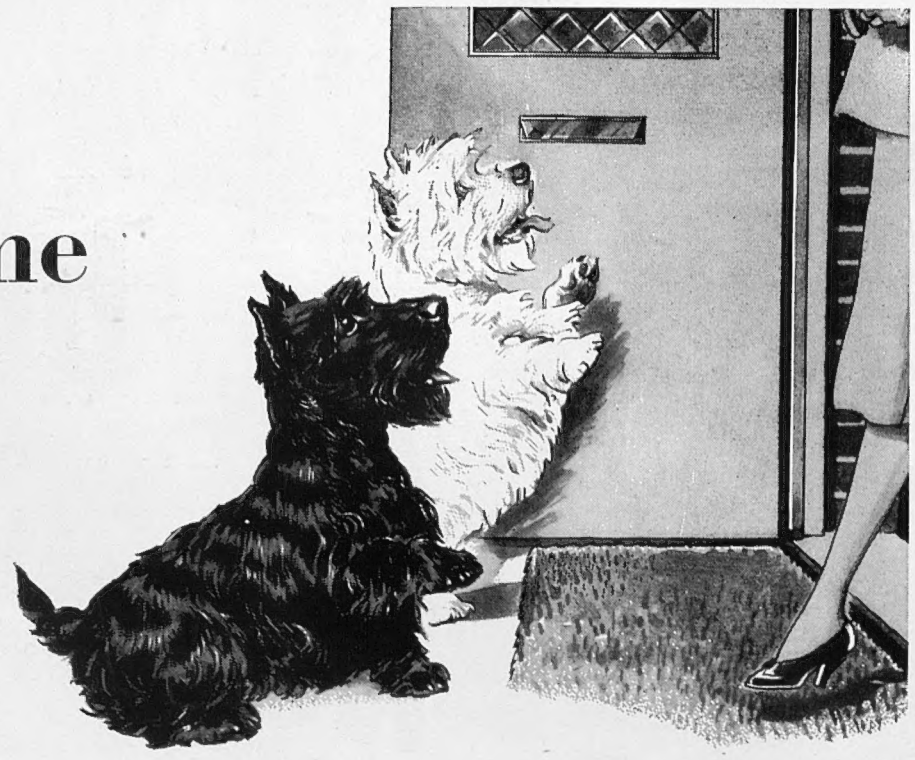

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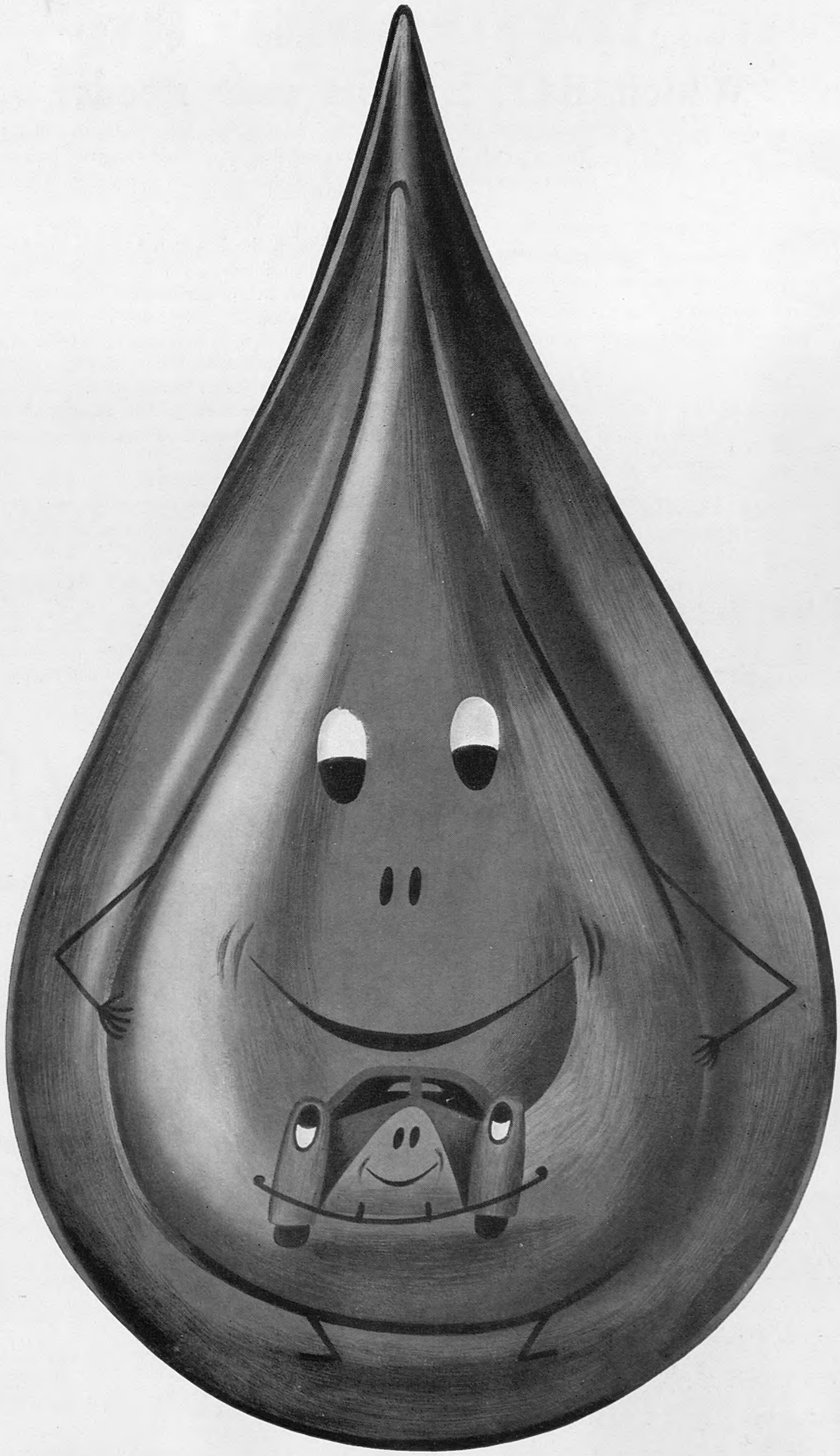

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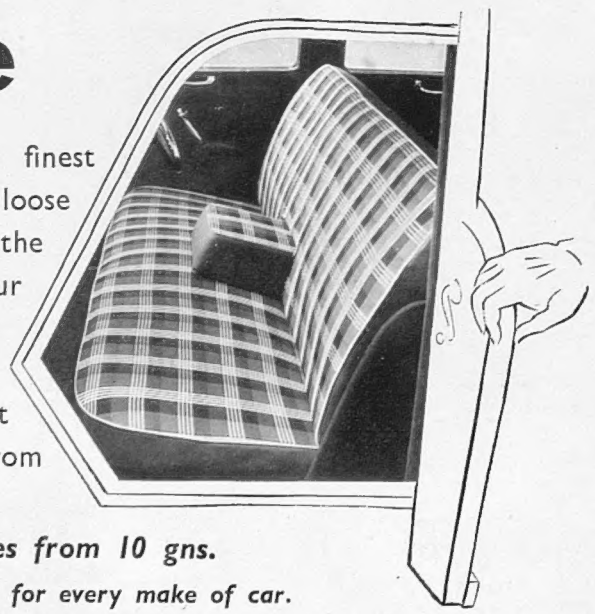

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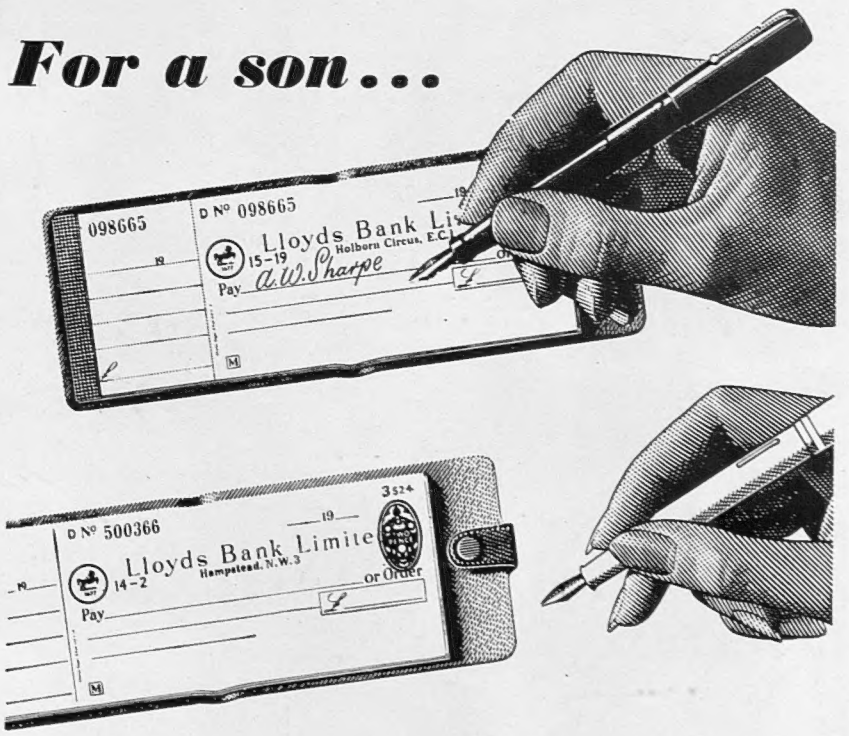

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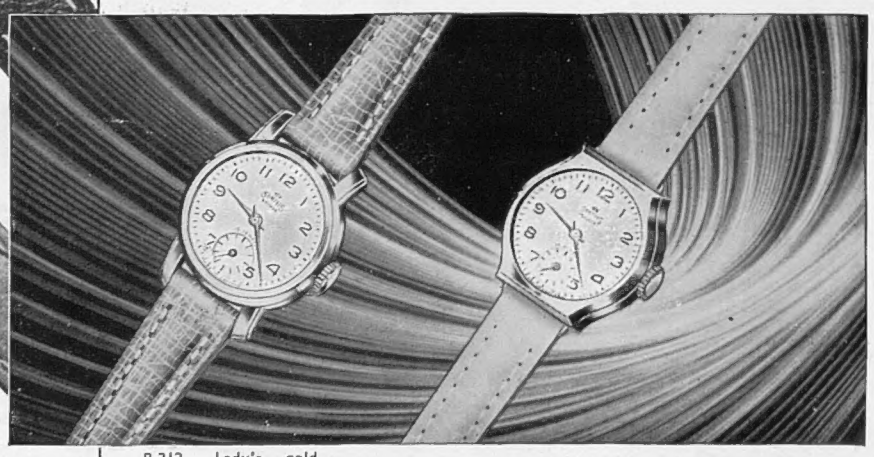
A.358. Gold plated 17 jewel watch, with raised gilt batons and sweep seconds hand. With bracelet, £11.5.



B.312. Lady's gold plated model, 15 jewel with raised gilt numerals and silvered dial £10.10.

B.216. Lady's model in chrome and stainless steel case, raised gilt numerals and silvered dial. 15 jewels. £8.12.6.

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Volume CCXIX No. 2858

The SPHERE, London, November 20, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A WOMAN "LIEUTENANT" OF THE MAU MAU—A CAPTURE BY BRITISH TROOPS DURING A RECENT OFFENSIVE AGAINST TERRORISTS IN KENYA : Sitting sullenly on the ground after her capture by soldiers of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers is this Mau Mau army "officer." She was seized in a big round-up in the Dandora Swamplands which was part of the intensified operations. The woman's rank of "lieutenant" is indicated by the number and order of the white shells in her necklace.

It has long been known that women play a vital part in Mau Mau's terrorist offensive, and active members of the gangs, though rarely photographed, have frequently fallen into the hands of the Security Forces. In fact, by the beginning of October no fewer than fifty-seven women had been sentenced to death for Mau Mau activities, although all the sentences were commuted to life imprisonment. The "lieutenant" seen above was caught in the stepped-up campaign which the Army and Home Guard, and Royal Air Force, embarked on at the end of last month. Throughout Kenya new methods and a new deployment of forces were used, and within a week 77 terrorists were killed and 500 suspects detained. To the south-east of Mount Kenya, for example, a combined operation was launched against a strong body of terrorists reported in the area. Those who took part were British and African troops, including units of Infantry Brigades, six platoons of mortars, and a section of anti-aircraft guns firing in ground role. They were supported by R.A.F. Lincoln and Harvard bombers, who have also intensified bombing of selected targets. On a smaller scale, tracker-combat teams drawn from military units have been introduced. These stick to a forest trail for days until a gang is engaged and destroyed.

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NYMPHENBURG FIGURES ON SALE

A RARE COLLECTION ON SALE AT CHRISTIE'S : Three of an important series of nine Nymphenburg masquerade figures from the Italian Comedy, modelled by Franz Anton Bustelli (*circa* 1760), which will be auctioned at Christies on Thursday next. The pieces are, from left, A figure of Julia ; a figure of the Doctor, and a figure of Pierrot. They are the property of Baroness Van Zuylen Van Nyevelt.

The auction at Christie's on Thursday, November 25, of nine Nymphenburg masquerade figures from the Italian Comedy, modelled by Franz Bustelli, is an important occasion for china collectors and connoisseurs of works of art throughout the world. There are sixteen figures in the complete set of the Italian Comedy, but no such collection exists. The series of nine which is now up for auction is one of the most comprehensive known. It is the first time ever that such a collection of these rare figures has appeared on the market at any one time, and, in fact, only five of the figures have been sold by auction in London since the war. Another piece also for sale is a Meissen figure of a fisherman, modelled by J. J. Kaendler.

The Nymphenburg factory started producing porcelain in 1753. Shortly afterwards Bustelli joined the factory and worked there until his death in 1763, at the age of forty. Little previous history of the nine figures illustrated on this page is known. They were inherited from the present owner's father, a member of an old Dutch family, and were exhibited at the Gemeente Museum, The Hague, from 1940-46. A similar example of the figure of Julia, from the Bayerisches Nationalmuseum, Munich, is now on show at the Exhibition of Rococo Art from Bavaria, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in Kensington.

THE SIX OTHER PIECES : The three figures seen here are of Donna Martina ; Pantaloon, and Columbine ; and *below*, Harlequin ; Corinne or Clorinda, and Lalage. With the exception of the figure of Pantaloon, all the pieces are slightly over 7 ins. high ; Pantaloon measures 6¾ ins.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

U.S. Half-Term Report.—The Congressional Elections have given the Democrats a comfortable majority in the House of Representatives and secured them a favourable stalemate in the Senate. In point of fact, the swing-over from the Party in power is less than usual at "half-term" in these United States. It is customary to show a stronger dislike of or disappointment with the Party voted to power only two years ago, though history shows that the half-term swing-over by no means ensures a change of Party every four years. But after thirty years as a journalist, I excuse myself for not understanding the workings of the U.S. Constitution or the French Parliamentary system. I tell myself that both must be above the heads of the average foreigner, if only because it is necessary to broadcast so many expert and simple expositions of these mysterious institutions, none of which makes us permanently wiser. But if the Democrats' new majority in the House is comfortable, that spells no more comfort for the President than the same state of things spelt for Hoover in 1930 or Wilson in 1918. Both found themselves prisoners in their Ivory Tower. Both found constructive government ham-strung or contemptible. It is to be hoped, and indeed believed, that in America, as in Britain, the contending parties are more likely to co-operate for the nation's good in foreign policy than in any purely domestic issue, unless it be economic or social reform. At the moment, for all civilisation and certainly for Western democracy, America's foreign policy is all-important. But it is a sombre reflection that for the next two years the political wisdom and energy of American legislators will have one eye at least firmly and constantly fixed on the next Presidential Election. That great event is often a deadly mortgage which saps the strength and vitality of American Governments and puts small things first and provides opportunities for little men and little stratagems.

West Derby Test.—It is remarkable how little indication has been given in this country by by-elections of any electoral change of heart, after three-and-a-half years of Conservative rule. For the most part, by-elections have been foregone conclusions fought in "strongholds" of one side or the other, and the reduced size of the polls, inevitable in by-elections, has made it harder for the wizards to detect the slightest "trends" right or left. Probably also those contradictory hints have been the result rather of personalities than of politics. But West Derby should be another matter (as often, I am writing before the event and may prove a false prophet), a real authentic Gallup-poll. For it is very marginal; a mere 1,700 majority for the Conservatives in 1951, and a very strong candidate at that time. The Conservatives won't win it without employing the most forceful methods and massing their big guns. They have some splendid shots in their lockers and they must empty the lockers. No use merely to repeat that they have housed and set the people free and cleaned up the Socialists' economic mess. They must cry from the house-tops that defence expenditure is to be *chopped* (*how*, we don't yet know) and the money set free to be poured out, perhaps, on trunk roads and higher pensions. It is the local organisations which will win or lose this test by-election. There are 2,000 new electors and 5,000 lost or missing electors. Of the former, a majority are presumed to be Socialists, enough of them to wipe out the 1951 majority. For though they mostly inhabit new housing estates, there are still all too few new houses. The candidates are both good men, with local appeal to more than one class. It is as important a test match as the one down-under and it's the batting, bowling and fielding that will win it.

Commonwealth Conference. — The Premier's announcement that the Commonwealth Premiers will meet again in London in January to exchange views is assuredly *news*. Their last meeting was at the time of the Coronation and since then, much water has run under the bridges. The evolution of our Commonwealth is well observed in these important meetings and that evolution is swift nowadays. The "mother and daughters" idea has rapidly changed to that of "the sisters." The sisters, never forgetting the virtues of the Commonwealth, go their own ways on their own initiative. There is no inclusive common policy in international politics. The needs of each sister dictate their commitments within the framework of Commonwealth and Western Defence, and it does not even follow that one sister approves the policy of another, even of the eldest. N.A.T.O. has drawn Canada in and her troops help to "garrison" Germany. Australia and New Zealand are a part of S.E.A.T.O. and bore some of the burden of Korea and Malaya. Pakistan has a special commitment with Turkey, while India and Ceylon, holding aloof from the precautions of the Cold War, are seeking a new approach to the problem of East-West settlement by sweet reason rather than by military alliances. The meeting in January 1955 will be a meeting of very independent and outspoken delegates who have their own ideas of the meaning of the Commonwealth's flexible bonds. On the political agenda, they will state their views of the results of the London Conference and Britain's new commitments in Europe, and it does not follow that all of them will see in them no conflict with the claims of Commonwealth. There will be divergence of views as to America's links with the Commonwealth, though here, no doubt, Britain, Canada and Australia will stand together, with perhaps different emphases on commonly accepted values.

Hard Heads and Plain Speech.—The economic questions to be discussed will, as usual, be complex and highly urgent, such as the costs of Commonwealth defence. And military problems must include an examination of the potential effects of Atomic weapons on the existing scheme of defences. The Premier has already "explained away" the Canal Zone settlement by this argument. If every meeting of the Commonwealth Premiers reveals the swift evolution and extraordinary flexibility of this unique League of Nations, it underlines the need for frequent meetings lest too much individuality should at last fray or burst the rubber band that loosely unites the whole. Such a meeting may achieve no single unanimous agreement. If it does not, it ends in no decision on any point. But it always must end in a clarification and in useful warnings, and must do so as long as the advantages of our Commonwealth to its members and to civilisation continue to be accepted by all. And in this particular the Queen's personal charm is a famous refresher. Plain speaking by hard-headed men is what alone justifies any conference, small or great. There is too little plain speaking in all too many of them, from the parish to the World theatre. Formula and face-saving and talking round the relevant issues are the time-wasting expedients of waverers and frightened men. The heads of our Commonwealth have the hard heads and the plain speech which make a conference worth while even when they strenuously disagree on detail.

LEWES HONOURS GLYNDEBOURNE'S FOUNDER

MR. JOHN CHRISTIE RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH : He is seen being greeted by the Mayor of Lewes, Alderman James Bennett, after the ceremony held in the presence of the Town Council. The Opera House, near Glynde, Sussex, was opened by John Christie in 1934. It adjoins his country house and accommodates 600 people.

Lotteries.—Mr. Barber, introducing his Bill to make small lotteries legal, scourged the complexities and anomalies in the laws regulating betting and lotteries, built up during four centuries of patching and concession to changing opinion and of compromise. As he said, 10,000,000 pool coupons in a single season pass through the post, but if a parson or youth organiser or village cricket secretary were to post a book of coupons for a raffle for church or sports funds, he could be fined up to £500 and sent to prison for a second offence. It is a pity that a new church should be built on "gambling," or that the welfare of the young should be a "gamble in futures," in more senses than one, but facts are facts and opinions change and, no doubt at all to-day, taxed as we are, we are more ready to empty one pocket for a good cause if we see a faint chance of filling the other. The national devotion to gambling being what it is to-day (sixpence in every pound per head), it is difficult to see any social evil in risking occasionally one shilling for a good local cause and for the distant prospect of bringing off a 2,000-to-1 chance of netting £100. But the new Bill does not venture to propose using the Post Office for circularising remote (or non-club) gamblers for these local efforts. It merely proposes

to put a coating of sugar on the pill of voluntary support for local good causes in villages and streets, and to remove one blemish of hypocrisy from the face of government.

Parking Offences and London Jams.—A good move in the direction of relieving the Metropolitan Police of time-wasting duty in connection with minor traffic offences is planned. If implemented, no longer will they be compelled to hang about to detect the parking offender. They may take the number of the offending car and through that number find the real offender and issue him with the summons. It has, even on my rural Bench, for some years disturbed me to note the time wasted by our under-strength Force as they wait in Court to give evidence in one trifling case. Some of them may have to stand in Court for four hours before their "bicycle with a rear light" case comes on to be settled with a 10s. fine, and I have often tried to get such cases involving police witnesses cleared away first. But it is by no means always easy to do so. A case may drag on half the morning which looks like giving the Court only a few minutes for a decision. This new proposal is, therefore, good, though the police witnesses may still waste valuable hours in London Police Courts. But if the plan helps the Force, it does not help the equally urgent problem of traffic congestion in cities, and since any large-scale effort to replan London roads must take a generation of time and half the money now spent on defence, clearly the first nibble must be to deal with "parking," not only in busy streets but in streets and squares still regarded as by-streets or "quiet" squares. All these, in fact, are now vital communications bottle-necked by double-banked or both-sides parking-concessions. *We* shall never see new ring roads. The most we can hope for in our time in London, even from the promised bounties for road construction, is the improvement of the worst existing bottle-necks.

A Complex Problem.—But it is only when you consider the objections to any new proposals for alleviating traffic jams in cities and main roads that you realise how complex and difficult such improvements are. The interests concerned (many of them vested and entrenched) are legion, clamorous and strong. If it be proposed to ban private cars from city centres, the traders are up in arms. The suburban city-workers point out that underground railways and buses at peak hours are already congested and time-wasters. The motoring interests deplore the niggardly spending on our roads which are "a disgrace to a civilised country and cannot carry, in safety, 50 per cent. of existing traffic," and, in the same breath, start a campaign to reduce the outrageous tax on petrol which is holding up the production of another million cars for the home market and the home roads and, in general, crippling our native industries. The Government is far more interested in the production of cars for export and will no doubt be deaf to this appeal, but it is certainly alive at last to the total traffic chaos which now threatens us in London and on the main arteries of communication between city and city. Certainly the problem is complex in this little island in which half the nation can afford to buy a car and the quarter who can afford to run it can find no place to park it.

Bishopthorpe.—Dr. Garbett has announced the disuse, after his reign at York, of Bishopthorpe as an episcopal residence. There are not many of these princely palaces left in the sole occupation of Bishops. How could there be? Lambeth has many uses, and I wish I had the means to occupy one of its new flats now offering to virtuous and wealthy laymen. Cuddesdon is an overflow among other diocesan uses for the other Cuddesdon, though both these, with Chichester, still afford apartments for their Bishops. Farnham has long been used for a number of clerical uses. Bishop Gore as long ago as 1902 inspected Hartlebury when he was consecrated Bishop of Worcester (and I went with him), and shiveringly rejected it at first sight in favour of an ugly villa in the city, although later Bishops returned there. When he was translated to Birmingham, he had no alternative and settled happily down in his still uglier villa at Edgbaston. He lived, indeed, at Cuddesdon when he became Bishop of Oxford and loved its garden with its archæological finds, but the winters there, even before the days of war austerity, were terribly trying to him and his relations. As for Bishopthorpe, it has had a longer run for its money than most. I have lately been reading of the regime of Archbishop Vernon Harcourt there in 1826. He was a Prince of the Church and a patron of the Turf. In Doncaster race-week he would drive in his coach and six to the town to lodge his bets with the racing men he entertained, and every room and every stall in his stables were filled with racing men and their womenfolk and their horses. He was a wise and learned prelate none the less. Times (as someone remarked) have changed.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

A Special Section to Commemorate the 80th Birthday of the Premier, Illustrated with Drawings and Photographs of Historic Occasions in his Life

THE PRIME MINISTER SPEAKS AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL CALLS FOR FRIENDSHIP WITH RUSSIA: He is watched by the newly installed Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Seymour Howard; the Lady Mayoress; the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, and Lady Churchill. Also present at the Banquet were the Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Kilmuir; the French Ambassador and Madame Massigli; several other Ambassadors; Commonwealth High Commissioners, and members of the Government. This year's Banquet was the first to take place in the restored Guildhall.

The Lord Mayor's Banquet, at Guildhall last week, followed its traditional pattern with the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, giving in his speech a review of foreign affairs. He said that he believed that the Powers of the west and of the east should try to live in a friendly and peaceful way, and that "it would certainly not be to anyone's disadvantage if they tried." It was a distinguished gathering at Guildhall, those present including clerics and peers; politicians and business men; Ambassadors and High Commissioners of the Commonwealth, and the occasion was made all the more memorable by the fact that it was the first banquet to be held in Guildhall following its restoration after wartime damage.

Earlier in the day the new Lord Mayor, Alderman Seymour Howard, had taken part in the traditional procession from the Mansion House to the Law Courts to be sworn in before the Lord Chief Justice and Judges of the Queen's Bench Division. On this occasion, after a lapse of several years, the procession again had a theme, and thousands of Londoners crowded the route in order to express their welcome to their new first citizen. The procession was led by representatives of the three fighting Services, who, in turn, were followed by several tableaux depicting the main theme of the Show—the Colonies Come to Town. A Calypso band from the West Indies was, perhaps, the centre of attraction, while other floats bore witness to the Empire's rich abundance in sugar, bananas and cigars. Finally, at the rear rode the new Lord Mayor in his red-and-gold coach drawn by six bays and escorted by footmen in rich livery, Pikemen of the Honourable Artillery Company and the Household Cavalry.

ANOTHER NORTH CORNISH PROMONTORY FOR THE NATION

CARNWEATHER POINT, WHICH, TOGETHER WITH NEARLY A MILE OF THE ADJOINING CLIFF LAND, HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST BY VISCOUNT CLIFDEN: This is a view looking westwards from Trevan Point, near Polzeath. In the background, with the coastguard tower, is Carnweather Point, and beyond, in the distance, is Pumps Point. From Carnweather Point there are fine views along the coast and over Portquin Bay. There is access by footpath from the roads to Polzeath or Portquin, or by the Cornish coastal footpath. This latest gift has enabled the National Trust to link two other properties along the North Cornish coast. They are Pentire Head, to the north of Polzeath, and Trevan Point, near Portquin, which the Trust has owned or protected since 1936. The six miles of coast now in the National Trust's keeping form one of the finest coastal walks in Cornwall.

THE DEPOSITION OF EGYPT'S PRESIDENT IS HERALDED IN CAIRO

GENERAL NEGUIB IS INVOLVED IN THE PLOT TO ASSASSINATE COLONEL NASSER: Hindawy Dweir, left, a Cairo lawyer who has been accused of complicity with Mahmoud Abdel Latif in the plot to assassinate Colonel Nasser at Alexandria, is seen giving evidence before the three-man military "People's Court" in Cairo. Standing in the background is the public prosecutor, Colonel Mohammed el Tabei. Facing the witness, who was being tried at the same time as Latif, are the judges; from left, Colonel Anwar el Sadat, Wing Commander Gamal Salem, and Colonel Hussein el Shafei.

A NEWS REVIEW FROM EGYPT, FRANCE, KENYA, AND ENGLAND

On left—

Since Colonel Nasser's seizure of power in Egypt last February General Neguib has been President, but it had become increasingly apparent that his position was purely nominal, and that he wielded no power in the State. Although both the Revolutionary Council and the Egyptian Press had constantly ignored the General, there were hints that Colonel Nasser and his associates were eager to depose him from the Presidency altogether. The only drawback to this plan was the popularity of General Neguib, especially in the Sudan and with Court and religious elements in the other Arab States. When the attempt was made on the life of Colonel Nasser in Alexandria, it was at once apparent that efforts would be made to use the occasion to displace the General. Major Salah Salem immediately, and deliberately, made it known that the plans of the Muslim Brotherhood included the assassination of all members of the Revolutionary Council, but that General Neguib should be spared and should become the head of the new Government. Then in evidence at his trial, Hindawy Dweir alleged that the President had been in telephone communication with the Brotherhood's Supreme Guide. Within a few days the removal of General Neguib from office was announced. This had been preceded by consultations between Major Salem and Sudanese and Arab State leaders. So it is possible that this time the Revolutionary Council has the tacit support of the General's earlier protagonists.

FRANCE'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST ALCOHOL

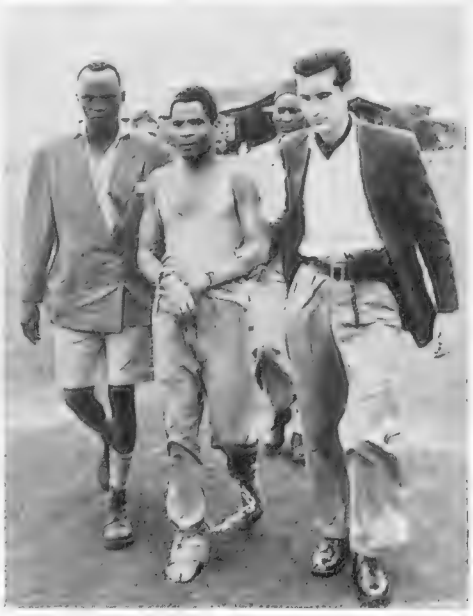
DEEP GLOOM IN A PARIS BAR: A Parisian wistfully consulting his morning paper announcing the French Government's drastic proposals for the reduction of alcoholic consumption. M. Mendès-France, who is reported to be a milk-drinker, stated that his Government was seriously perturbed by the detrimental effects that drunkenness was having on the economic and social life of the country.

The Government's announcement last week that it would shortly introduce legislation to combat drunkenness was on the whole well received. One of the proposals is to ban the sale of alcohol between 5 a.m. and 10 a.m. This, it is stated, will greatly curtail drinking in industrial areas. Other measures will provide for heavy penalties for habitual drunkenness, the prohibition of some of the strongest aperitifs, and heavier taxes on all spirits. It is said that the drain of drinking in France on public funds is enormous. The cost to the State, including hospitals, mental homes and accidents, was estimated at £600,000,000 a year. One-quarter of all industrial accidents were stated to be caused by drunkenness. A specialist in liver ailments at a Paris hospital has given some startling facts about the habitual drunkards who come under his care. On an average each patient used to drink about six calvados for breakfast, seven pints of wine during the day, and innumerable aperitifs in the evening.

PARISIAN CIVIL SERVANTS ON STRIKE

ON THE ROAD TO HIGHER PAY: The procession of more than 2,000 officials and public employees making their way to the Ministry of Finance after passing through the Place Vendôme, in Paris. Traffic came to a standstill as the demonstrators, who had stopped work early in a token strike, gathered to demand higher wages, at least £4 a month. Similar strikes took place among public employees throughout France.

TWO ASPECTS OF THE MAU MAU CAMPAIGN—THE GUILTY AND THE SUSPECT



On left—

A MAU MAU "FIELD MARSHAL" WHO HAS BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH: Kaleba, the so-called "Field-Marshal" who was caught in a cave in the foothills of Mount Kenya last month, being taken aboard an aeroplane to face trial at Nyeri. There a court sentenced him to death.

On right—

"SCREENING" IN NAIROBI: Police and soldiers standing guard over Africans who were rounded-up in a routine "screening" operation in the Kenya capital. One of the problems that are arising from the Mau Mau situation is the disposal of some 80,000 suspects when the emergency comes to an end.

REPAIRING A LONDON BRIDGE

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NORTHERN END OF SOUTHWARK BRIDGE : Southwark Bridge, which was damaged by bombs in 1941, has been partly closed to traffic while the gap caused by the bomb is repaired. For the past thirteen years, this gap has been spanned by two Bailey bridges, one 100 ft. long and the other 60 ft. long. These are to be dismantled and a permanent repair effected. It is expected that this work will take about twelve months to complete. Only one-half of the bridge will be closed at a time during repairs, so that traffic will be allowed across in one direction. The bridge was first built in 1819, and was rebuilt in 1921.

A PLAQUE IN MEMORY OF BRITAIN'S FIRST PRINTER

UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM CAXTON OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY : The ceremony was attended by people representing many branches of the printing and publishing organisations, and the unveiling was carried out jointly by Colonel J. J. Astor, of the Times Publishing Company, and by Sir Guy Harrison, chairman of Harrison and Sons, the printers, and honorary treasurer of the Federation of Master Printers. The plaque was set up to commemorate the assistance given to the Abbey Appeal Fund by the Press. Caxton established his first press on a site near the Chapter House in 1477, and not in the Abbey Almonry as was believed until recent times.

FLOODS AT NEWHAVEN, IN SUSSEX, AND AT KINGSTON-UPON-HULL

FLOODS AT NEWHAVEN, IN SUSSEX : This is the Newhaven Harbour Railway Station seen after an exceptionally heavy tide had washed over the tracks. Electric train services had to be cancelled as they would have been unsafe. Steam trains were run in their place. The flooding caused by high winds and heavy rains occurred in many parts of the country, notably along the East Coast. At Southend, the tide on the Thames was 18 ins. above normal and the water seeped over the parapet in one or two places. Some shipping entering Liverpool was held up by the bad weather. Scotland too had its share of bad weather. While England suffered floods, snow fell in many districts north of the border. Parts of the main Perth-Braemar road were blocked.

THE FLOODS AT HULL WERE THE WORST ALONG THE EAST COAST : A picture of a street near the shipyard at Hessle, where the water had risen to within 2 ft. of the window-sills. The flooding at Hull was described as the worst since 1921, and the Humber overflowed its banks at many places between Victoria Pier and Stoneferry. Last week-end Mr. Sandys, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, toured some of the areas affected. During Mr. Sandys' visit, it became apparent that floods in Hull were not an unusual occurrence, and the Minister later discussed with the Mayor and officials measures which could be taken to prevent floods in the future. There appear to be many snags in repairing and strengthening the sea defences.

THE WEAPONS AND TRAPPINGS OF MAU MAU TERRORISM ARE SEEN ON TELEVISION FROM LONDON

On left—
STRAIGHT FROM KENYA : Mr. Jack Yowell, right, a Nairobi photographer, with some of the Mau Mau weapons he has brought with him from Kenya. He is seen holding a "curtain-rod gun." Most of the weapons were used as evidence in court cases.

On right—
SEEN ON TELEVISION : In this picture can be seen a gun made from a curtain-rod; an old United States Army bugle; a poison dart, lying against the *panga*. In the box to the right of it is a drug, and in the small pouch below the *panga* are charms. The white necklace in the foreground is a badge of Mau Mau military rank.

THE FIRST INDICATIONS OF IMPENDING DEPARTURE: A regimental quartermaster-sergeant of the Royal Army Service Corps paints his name and English address on his boxes at his home in the Suez Canal Zone. He lived at the Army station of El Kirsh a few miles from Ismailia.

A FAMILIAR SCENE WHICH WILL SHORTLY COME TO AN END: The children of British Service families in the Suez Canal Zone waiting to board the wired and guarded truck which takes them to the equally heavily-guarded British school not far from their Canal Zone homes

GOOD-BYE TO SUEZ

A LAST LOOK AT THE CANAL ZONE IN EGYPT AS THE EVACUATION BY BRITISH TROOPS GATHERS MOMENTUM

In 1882 the British Fleet bombarded the batteries at Alexandria raised by Ahmed Arabi, and British troops who had landed at Ismailia defeated Arabi's army at Tel-el-Kebir. Since that date British troops have remained in Egyptian territory. Now the great evacuation of what has become the Suez Canal Base has begun. Under the terms of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement, all British troops must be evacuated by June 1956.

It cannot be said that the stay of British troops in the past few years was a happy one. It is difficult enough at the best of times to live amongst a hostile population, but to live among villages peopled by terrorists and robbers was even more unpleasant. Nor was it possible to ensure comfort and luxuries for troops who had little to do except guard their barracks, for it was considered unwise to invest in the form of permanent installations in a country which would have to be evacuated sooner or later. The pictures on these pages tell the story of life in heavily-armed compounds behind barbed wire; a story of continuous strain and anxiety. The wives and children, when they were allowed to live in the Canal Zone at all, had to go shopping or to school in special trucks heavily guarded. Even so, many British soldiers were killed and wounded as a result of terrorist attacks. There were, of course, the compensations of life in the sun and swimming in the lakes; but few will be sorry to leave this troubled zone.

One result of the evacuation of the Canal Zone will be that greater dependence will be placed on air transport for troop movements. Cyprus may take the place of Suez as Middle East headquarters. But the evacuation of the Suez Canal Zone will bring many thousands of troops to this country, thus enabling the Government to have that strategic reserve in England which has been considered so desirable ever since the war. Already the first battalions of this reserve are arriving, and over the next eighteen months it will be possible to survey the advantages, as well as the disadvantages, of saying good-bye to Suez.

ENSURING THE SECURITY OF THE GARRISON: Soldiers of the Scots Guards at Moascar searching Egyptians who enter and leave the camp at which they are employed. They are looking for arms, which still command a good price in Egypt. In the distance, behind the barbed wire, can be seen the railway line, which runs between Cairo and Ismailia.

SHOPPING AT THE N.A.A.F.I.: Wives who live outside the Moascar camp at Ismailia are driven to the shop twice a week under armed guard

VIGILANCE CONTINUES DESPITE THE QUIETER ATMOSPHERE: A guardsman at an outpost surveys the village of Abu Gamux as a convoy of lorries approaches the Moascar garrison outpost. In the past the village harboured many trouble-makers, who used to fire on British soldiers. Since the Agreement all has been quiet.

MEN, VEHICLES AND EQUIPMENT READY TO LEAVE: Tyres ready for loading at Port Said. *On left*—Men of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers watching their vehicles and equipment go aboard. The evacuation by British troops must be completed by June 1956.

THE LAST OF THE FRENCH TROOPS TURN THEIR BACKS ON THE CITY: Troop-carrying vehicles bring up the rear of a long procession of Army vehicles across the Doumer Bridge outside Hanoi.

COMMUNIST RULE BRINGS LITTLE CHANGE FOR THE COOLIE: Above this Hanoi street is a triumphal arch bearing words of welcome to the new regime. Below it the coolie continues to pull his heavy load. The arrival of the Viet-minh has made little difference to his life of unremitting toil.

A CITY FALLS TO COMMUNISM

An Eye-witness Account of the Entry of Viet-minh Troops into Hanoi, Capital of Indo-China's Red River Delta

By FERNAND GIGON

Fernand Gigon, an authority on Far Eastern affairs, is a Swiss who, after reporting the last months of the war in Indo-China, witnessed the entry of the Viet-minh forces into Hanoi. Most observers in Hanoi were content to record the apparently spontaneous welcome afforded to the Viet-minh by the population. M. Gigon, however, also observed the sinister thoroughness with which the take-over by the new Communist masters was prepared.

A slightly-built, haggard soldier in green threadbare uniform, without indication of his rank and without medals, halted in front of me and said rather shyly:

"I am the People's Commissar. What can I do for you?"

I looked at his feet, which had no socks but only shabby sandals of plastic material. Then I looked into his eyes. And these were radiating with self-confidence, giving the lie to his respectful manner. He knew that he was one of the victors, and he knew, too, who I was. Everything was known to these people, everything was arranged down to the last detail; as if Ho Chi Minh's accession to power, his taking over of Hanoi and the incorporation of 12,000,000 Tonkinese into the Red orbit were a carefully rehearsed ballet.

Throughout the last days of French rule the drapers had sold nothing but red and yellow flag material—made in France! For days the currency was already the new Piaster notes with the head of Ho Chi Minh on them—printed in Czechoslovakia! For many days the Red Commissars, the "Technical Cadre" and the new civil servants had been present at Hanoi, although they were not yet attempting to take over the administration, although French troops, white, black and Moroccan, still policed the city. Until, exactly at the given moment, the change-over took place.

"Flags out!" Outside each house the new housewarden stood, and, when the moment had come, but not a second earlier, he gave a sign, and out came the red banners. It was exactly the same with the cheering—everyone waited for the Commissar's signal, and then the clapping and shouting broke out: "Hoan Ho!"—"Long Live Ho!" It was all beautifully staged.

I talked to one of them, the Viet-minh Thran Dong, the first State propagandist to enter Hanoi. With the Indian member of the International Commission he talked English; with a Polish member, Russian; with a Swiss, French. "Where did you learn all these languages?" I asked. His reply was: "In the Jungle university," where, beneath wild banana trees, eager students were instructed in the dialectics of Communism and all else they needed for their future role of ruling.

Then a former postman from Laos appeared as Director-General of the postal services, an old navvy as Head of the Municipal Department of Works. But whatever they had been in the past, they knew their new tasks. When the new Director of Municipal Works came to the Quai Guillemoto, where the stores are, he drew from his briefcase a complete list of the stores. He flew into a rage when he discovered that three-quarters of all tools and reserve materials had disappeared. But after one day's intensive work he had it all back—the workers in sympathy with Ho Chi Minh gave him not only the names of the thieves but also those of the receivers and their customers.

WAITING FOR THE VIET-MINH UNDER A HOT SUN: A young woman uses the red flag to shield the children from the fierce rays of the hot mid-day sun.

On left—

THE NEW MASTERS: Two of the Viet-minh soldiers who entered Hanoi make a halt in the capital. Their behaviour was reported to have been most orderly.

NEW FLAGS GREET THE NEW ORDER: The red and yellow flags of the Chinese Communists and of the Viet-minh, made of French materials, adorned the houses of most families in Hanoi.

NEW FACES, TOO: Pictures of the Viet-minh leader, Ho Chi Minh, and of Malenkov and Mao Tse Tung, appeared suddenly in Hanoi.

When the French manager of the Hotel Metropole handed over the house to his Red successor, he found that Mr. Commissar knew even better than he himself how many sheets, how many bottles of wine, how many pounds of sugar were in the hotel's stores. The preparations had certainly been made with the utmost precision long beforehand. The whole of Hanoi had been written down in one vast inventory for the moment when the French would leave and the Communists take over.

Naturally, the Political Police immediately began their work. There was, for instance, the quick death of the agent of the Viet Namese who, to play safe, had also served the Viet-minh. Although the Communist loudspeaker vans in the first three days only roared cheers for the Viet-minh Army, on the fourth day they started proclaiming the new regulations. With a charming smile the new masters visited the French who had remained and asked politely whether they were willing to co-operate. In what way? As instructors in every field, as technicians, as airport instructors and as surveyors of the electricity works; even as members of the military forces. This was a final tribute to the French, who have given the country so much.

For three days the celebrations raged; the parades, the delirious singing and shouting, the carrying-around of the portraits of Ho Chi Minh and the Viet-minh leaders. But already on the second day the rice-growing peasants of the country around, who had flocked into "their" city, forgot to sing and to smile: the Commissars had some hard words to say to them. The new life had begun, under new masters, and the coolies had to run even faster.

MOSCOW'S CITIZENS MAKE HOLIDAY—WITH BANNERS AND PLACARDS THEY DEMONSTRATE IN THE RED SQUARE: The standard bearers of the districts of Moscow and representatives of the Soviet capital's factories file slowly across the Square, between lines of soldiers, in front of the Kremlin. This was part of the celebration of the thirty-seventh Anniversary of the October Revolution, which inaugurated the Communist regime in 1917. On the right of this picture, just outside the Kremlin walls, can be seen the Tomb of Lenin and Stalin. At the end of the Square, stands the Cathedral of St. Basil, which was built by Ivan the Terrible.

JOSTLING IN THE CROWDED STREETS: A section of the demonstrators as they overflow into Gorky Street. By tradition the anniversary of the October Revolution is the occasion for publishing the achievements of factories, mills and research institutes, and these are often proclaimed on the banners and placards carried through Moscow.

MOSCOW'S ANNUAL FIESTA

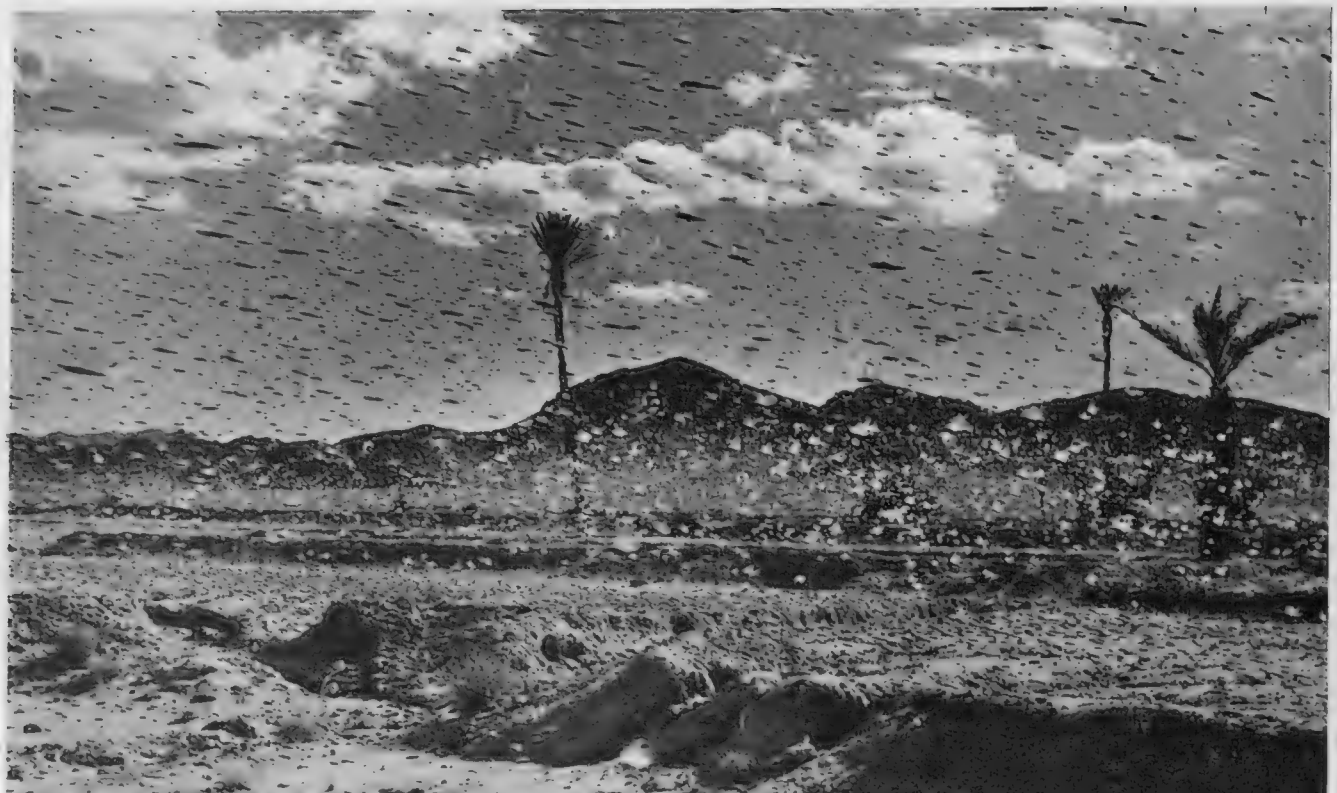
Parades, Banners and Slogans Characterize the Celebration of the Thirty-seventh Anniversary of the October Revolution

The Anniversary of the October Revolution has always been the occasion for demonstrations by Communists throughout the world. But the tone of this great dialectical holiday is invariably taken from Moscow, where, as usual, the parade and procession in the Red Square was the central showpiece. The theme of this year's slogans was peaceful coexistence with the West, and, as if to emphasise this, Muscovites were not treated to the endless parades of military might to which they had become so accustomed during the era of Stalin. Instead, the march-past of the armed forces took only twenty minutes, and most of the time was given up to the factory workers of Moscow, who proudly proclaimed on their banners their output achievements.

Within the Kremlin itself the Soviet Prime Minister, Mr. Malenkov, gave a great reception to foreign diplomats, and the mood was reported to have been gay. This was the first time that Mr. Malenkov had attended this reception, and the first time it was held in the Kremlin, no doubt his personal contribution to the theme of peaceful coexistence. The only dampening of the proceedings came from the news that a U.S. Air Force bomber had been shot down by MIGs off Japan. The American Ambassador in Moscow, Mr. Bohlen, has been severely criticised at home for drinking with the Soviet leaders the innumerable toasts to peace and friendship.

INSPECTING THE MILITARY PARADE: Marshal Bulganin, Minister of Defence, reviewing the military parade staged in the Red Square. This year the march-past of the armed forces took only twenty minutes.

THE CAPITAL IS LIT UP: The illuminations at the Central Telegraph Office in Gorky Street. Prominently lit up over the main entrance in the centre are the twin profiles of Lenin and Stalin, while at the sides, in dark obscurity, hang the nine portraits of to-day's most prominent Soviet leaders.



Foreign News in Pictures

LOCUSTS AND REBELLION IN NORTH AFRICA

AND A SURVEY OF OTHER RECENT EVENTS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

On left—

A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS RAVAGES SOUTHERN MOROCCO : Despite the strong glare of the North African sun and the light-brown colour of the countryside, the four-day invasion of locusts darkened the area of Le Souss, in Southern Morocco. Some of the locusts were 4 ins. long, and in their flight across the country they formed a cloud over 40 miles in length and 25 miles wide. The animals attacked fruit and olive trees, and caused tremendous losses to farmers in the area. So great was the destruction that the Resident-General in Morocco, M. Francis Lacoste, flew from Rabat to the distressed area to assess the extent of the damage. He promised help from the Army and the Air Force.

THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES TAKE STRONG MEASURES TO PREVENT OPEN REBELLION IN ALGERIA : *On left*—The spearhead of a French armoured column just outside the village of Batna, where military headquarters were set up from which mopping-up operations against terrorists were conducted. *On right*—A French armoured patrol car in a street in the town of Arris. An outbreak of terrorist activity in Algeria was quickly stamped upon by the French Government, who deployed all military forces at their disposal to deter Nationalist elements from breaking into open rebellion against the French State. Algeria has, unlike Morocco and Tunisia, enjoyed comparative peace in the past few years, so that a number of incidents in and around Algiers were immediately viewed with considerable apprehension. The Government acted at once, and several thousand French troops, including armoured units, were brought into action against terrorists who seemed to be well organised and heavily armed. The military operations were on a large scale, covering not only the towns where disturbances had taken place, but also sweeping the more lonely country areas where some of the rebels were believed to have hidden. The worst trouble was in the mountainous and hilly area of the south-west of Algeria, around the village of Batna. A battalion of French parachute troopers was dropped to the scene, and they were soon joined by French armoured columns. Aircraft also took part in the operations, mainly to spot rebel groups who were making for the hills. Calm has now returned to the villages of Batna and Foum Toub, the rebel headquarters. But the terrorists are believed to lie in hiding in the Aures Mountains, a fact which, because of their proximity to the Tunisian border, is still causing the French Government grave concern. Another disturbing aspect of the whole affair is the encouragement the rebels received from religious elements in Cairo who spoke of Algeria and Indo-China in the same breath. Meanwhile, the authorities in France took measures against Algerian nationalists, and against the headquarters of their organisations.

AFTER THE PRESIDENTIAL SHOOT : The French President, M. René Coty, and Madame Coty survey part of the handsome bag after the shooting party held for foreign diplomats in Paris at the Chateau de Rambouillet.

REVIEWING G.A.T.T. AT GENEVA : Three of the delegates at the conference which reviewed the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade in Geneva. They are, from left, Mr. Eric Louw, South African Minister of Economic Affairs ; Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, who headed the United Kingdom delegation ; and Mr. Samuel Waugh, the United States Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs and leader of his country's delegation. In the course of the ten-day meeting most of the representatives of thirty-four nations gave the views of their countries on how G.A.T.T. was affecting them, and how the Agreement should be revised. In general the delegates at Geneva agreed that still fewer restrictions on trade between the member countries were desirable, although there was some dispute as to the use of quota restrictions. Mr. Thorneycroft said that Britain wished to reaffirm the Agreement and strengthen it as the necessary base for any move in the direction of convertibility.

THE FUNERAL OF THE SHAH'S BROTHER : The Shah of Persia arriving for the funeral of his eldest brother, Prince Ali Reza, near Teheran. Prince Ali Reza was buried in the Royal mausoleum at Rey alongside his father, Reza Shah. Twelve Persian generals carried the body along the funeral route, which was lined by large crowds, including thousands of women in black. Prince Ali Reza, who was also the Shah's heir, was killed in an air crash in wild country near Nur, about forty miles north of Teheran. For nearly a week the aircraft remained undiscovered, despite search parties who scoured the route the Prince's aircraft had taken. When the Prince's body was found, together with those of his pilot and a peasant whom he was taking to Teheran for hospital treatment, the whole nation went into mourning. Prince Ali Reza, who was thirty-two, was the oldest of the Shah's six brothers. He had attended the funeral of King George VI in London in 1952.

GENERAL NEGUIB MAKES A RARE PUBLIC APPEARANCE : Still an erect military figure, the President of Egypt, fourth from right, is seen walking in Cairo in the funeral procession of Dr. Mahmoud Azmi, the leader of the Egyptian delegation at the United Nations, who collapsed while speaking in the Security Council. This was one of General Neguib's very rare recent public appearances. There have been many hints lately that the General would be replaced as soon as the Revolutionary Council can overcome religious opposition to this step.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IS HONOURED IN TURKEY : At a ceremony at Selimie Barracks, Scutari, the portrait of Florence Nightingale was presented by British nurses to the Governor of Istanbul, Dr. Gokay. From left are Lieut.-Colonel Esther Somerville, of the Queen Alexandra Royal Army Nursing Corps ; the Commanding Officer of the Selimie Barracks, where a hundred years ago Florence Nightingale and her nurses did their work ; Major Priscilla Stewart, Q.A.R.A.N.C., and Miss Esma Deniz, President of the Turkish Nurses' Association. The two Q.A.R.A.N.C. officers had come from Middle East headquarters to present the signed photograph, one of only two still in existence, as part of the centenary celebrations commemorating Florence Nightingale's work in Scutari. A wreath was laid on the monument to Kemal Ataturk in Istanbul, and this was followed by a parade of Turkish student nurses and a visit to the Military Cemetery, Haydarpasha. Two postage stamps have also been issued to commemorate Florence Nightingale.

On left—
THE SENATOR'S LAST FLING : Papers are strewn about as Senator Joseph McCarthy prepares to answer questions on a television programme. Shortly afterwards the Senate debated a motion of censure on the junior Senator from Wisconsin. Senator Watkins, Chairman of the Special Investigating Committee, introduced the resolution which condemned Senator McCarthy for abusing a Senate Sub-Committee on elections and privileges in 1952, and for abusing General Ralph Zwicker. Both resolutions were unanimously approved by Senator Watkins' all-Party Committee. Senator McCarthy, armed with more documents than his bulging brief-case ever held, jumped into the attack, no doubt considering this to be his best line of defence. His colleagues showed little compassion for him in his hour of trial, but, defiantly, Mr. McCarthy declared : "I will continue to serve the cause to which I have dedicated my life."

COLONEL CASTILLO ARMAS IS INAUGURATED PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA : Wearing his uniform the Colonel, who led the successful revolt in Guatemala last July, is seen in the Legislative Assembly in Guatemala City when he took the oath of office as President of the State. With him are, left, Señor Manuel de Leon Cardonna, Vice-President of the Assembly, and right, Señor Luis Arturo Gonzales, President of the Assembly. It now appears that Colonel Castillo has the Army's support.

REPORT ON BRITISH GUIANA : Sir Alfred Savage, the Governor of British Guiana, reading his address to the Legislative Council in Georgetown on the Report on the Colony prepared by the Commission headed by Sir James Robertson. The Report upheld the action taken by the British Government in suspending the Constitution of British Guiana last October, stating that the breakdown in the working of the Constitution was due to the activities of the People's Progressive Party led by Dr. Jagan.

GYPSIES, OWLS AND SUPERSTITION

Superstitions About the Owl go Very Far Back in History, for it is a Bird of Ill Omen, and the Gypsies, as well as Other People, Take Heed of its Call of Warning

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

RECENTLY I was talking to some gypsies, trying to persuade them to join in a broadcast with me. This is a family that I know quite well and matters were progressing very favourably, and I was really becoming most hopeful that they would consent to do so, when a tawny owl hooted in the wood behind the camp. And that was that. The oldest woman in the group muttered "Veshengo mulo" two or three times, and everybody nodded very solemnly and began to talk about something else, so that there was, for a few moments, a rather forced babble of disconnected conversation. Veshengo mulo—literally, the ghost or spirit of the wood—is the Romany for owl. The owl's call was a warning: and they would have nothing more to do with the idea.

It is, of course, very easy to laugh at this: to dismiss it as the idle superstition of a primitive people; something which you might take seriously on the slopes of Mount Kenya or in the forests of the Amazon, but not to be taken seriously in the Hampshire woodland. But, before we do so, we should remember some of our own superstitions about black cats, piebald horses, spilt salt, walking under ladders, lighting three cigarettes with one match (though I have always thought that that one probably started as a brilliant advertising stunt on the part of the match manufacturers), and so on. Maybe we do not all nowadays take our superstitions quite as seriously as did these gypsies the hooting of the tawny owl—although I do know many people who have enjoyed the benefits of State education and who would still not dream of bringing flowering blackthorn into the house, who still feel a little uneasy when they see but a single magpie—but we have our superstitions nevertheless.

Superstitions about the owl (though they seem to have disappeared from the repertory of modern educated man) go very far back in human history. And always it has been a bird of warning, a bird of ill omen, a foreteller of disaster. Isaiah, when he was especially worked up about Babylon and was trying to picture the very worst fate he could possibly imagine for the oppressor, thought of the owl and said:

"Their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there . . . the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it . . . and it shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls . . . and the satyr shall cry to his fellow; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow: there shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate."

And he was not so very far out in the long run either, when you come to think about it. But note particularly how he returns again and again to the owls.

Virgil stoutly maintains that it was an owl which, perched upon a house-top in Carthage, foretold the death of Dido, and disaster and desertion and desolation. It was an owl, as everybody knows, which flew into the ranks of the Roman legions at Carrhae, warning them of their approaching annihilation at the hands of the Parthian hordes; and (as everybody knows) that was the greatest military defeat ever inflicted upon the full might of Imperial Rome. And it was an owl, as the Jewish historian Josephus is careful to tell us, which alighted upon a rope above the head of Herod Agrippa as, gorgeous in a robe of silver tissue, he entered the theatre at Cæsaræa, and warned him of his impending and horrible doom. A wonderfully accurate prophet, the owl. You cannot really be surprised that Ovid calls it "an omen dreadful to mortals," that Pliny describes it as the "bird of death and utterly abominable." You cannot really be surprised that the inhabitants of a house, upon the roof of which an owl perched, were filled with foreboding. You cannot really be surprised that when, as Butler tells us in *Hudibras*, an owl appeared in the Senate, there was panic and the senators took prompt evasive action.

But it was not only among the ancients that the owl was regarded as a bird of ill omen. In Britain, too, it was regarded as a portent of evil and the friend and familiar of witches. Lady Montagu, in *The Politicians*, speaks of its "ill-boding cry" and says that it portends strange things. And our poets have been remarkably consistent in the adjectives which they have applied to the owl: "loathsome," "unclean," "ill-boding" and "moping" seem to be the favourites.

But Shakespeare shows us clearly how the owl was regarded by the men and women of his time, and this is important, for Shakespeare was a countryman and no mean naturalist. Indeed, you will find in his works a great deal of very good, accurate observation of natural history, which is obviously based on personal experience. Yet Shakespeare has nothing good to say about the owl. It seems evident that he was not going to run any risks observing so powerful and malicious a bird.

It was an owl, you will remember, that foretold the assassination of Julius Cæsar:

> But yesterday the bird of night did sit,
> Even at noonday, upon the market-place,
> Hooting and shrieking.

A MASS BAPTISM OF GYPSIES IN FRANCE: Up to the waist in water, gypsies attending an Evangelical Convention at Brest, Brittany, take part in a mass Baptism. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald comments on the gypsies' attitude towards the owl, but says that before dismissing it as the idle superstition of a primitive people, we should remember our own superstitions.

Well, maybe Shakespeare got that from Plutarch or some other reading in the classics, and perhaps we should not take it as indicative of British thought at the time. But what of the British plays?

As Richard of Gloucester, that "ill-digest, deformed lump," is about to murder his dethroned father in the prison cell, the latter, with the knowledge of death upon him, turns and cries:

> The owl shrieked at thy birth—an evil sign;
> The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
> Dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook down trees.

And Richard III, when his own time approaches, screams at the messengers, who one upon another bring him news of fresh disasters:

> Out on ye owls, nothing but songs of death.

Again and again in *Henry VI*, you will find mention of owls, and always related to ill omen. "Thou ominous and fearful owl of death," "boding screech-owls," and so on. And Edward in *Part III* is more explicit:

> Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
> That nothing sung but death to us and ours.

And in *Macbeth*, too, the owl plays a proper part. When Duncan is all but done to death in Macbeth's castle, and Lady Macbeth is awaiting the news that the murder has been done:

> It was the owl that shrieked; a fatal bellman
> Which gives the stern'st good-night.

And when Macbeth asks her, "Didst thou hear a noise?", she answers:

> I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

The owl's scream was sufficient, evidently, for her to know that murder had been well done in her guest-chamber.

THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE: This dramatic picture by Eric Hosking is of a white barn owl just after it had swooped on a vole.

Nor is this all. Shakespeare was well aware that no witch worth her salt would have dreamed of omitting an owl's wing from her potions. It was the second witch who popped "howlet's wing" into the boiling cauldron. And there cannot, I think, be any doubt that this was every whit as powerful an ingredient of the hellish brew as nose of Turk, Tartar's lips and Jew's liver (commodities which one would, on the whole, expect to be in comparatively short supply in Scotland) and more powerful than such easily obtained articles as bats' wings and the fingers of birth-strangled babies. In medieval times, throughout Europe, no curse or black magic was considered likely to be 100 per cent. successful if an owl was not present to give it a final shrieking blessing. Shakespeare would undoubtedly have had the final blessing as well, if the stage of his time had allowed of such a thing.

Occasionally, it is true, one finds Shakespeare apparently regarding the owl in another light. He glimpses, I think, something of the mockery that is in the cry when, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he says:

> The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
> At our quaint spirits.

But he is soon back with the orthodox view, for, a little later in the same play, we find:

> The screech owl, screeching loud,
> Puts the wretch that lies in woe
> In remembrance of a shroud.

In *Love's Labour's Lost* he seems to take a totally different view of the owl:

> Nightly sings the staring owl,
> To-who;
> Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note.'

A merry note? I cannot, myself, find anything merry at all in the cry of any of our owls. Their voices are like their faces—solemn and melancholy—save when they are like their eyes, baleful.

Consider, for a moment, the barn owl. Why should that be called, as it is called by the vast majority of countrymen, the screech owl, if the note be merry? It is, in fact, a weird screaming screech, and the very reverse of merry. The tawny owl's voice is the true hoot, which is commonly described (and the description is taken from Shakespeare, of course) as *tu-whit, to-whoo*, and a very good description it is. But it is most definitely a melancholy hoot, melancholy and sometimes a mocking sound. (The tawny owl also screeches on occasion: the sound is nothing like that made by the barn owl, being much shorter and ending as though the bird had been throttled.) The long-eared owl also hoots, but quite differently from the tawny owl. The hooting of the long-eared owl is the most musical sound of the English night, a long-drawn-out *oo-oo-oo-oo*, quavering and reaching the very depths of melancholy.

Shakespeare knew all these owl sounds very well indeed, for he must have heard them all in childhood and as a young man in the Warwickshire countryside, and feared the unknown when he did. He did not, I feel sure, mean "merry" to be taken in the sense of "jolly": he had the same idea as Wordsworth when he spoke of

> The sportive outcry of the mocking owl.

Thus, with one exception, was the owl regarded throughout the classical and—probably without exception—throughout the medieval world. That one exception was the owl of Athens, the owl that was the bird of the Goddess.

> O thou precious owl!
> The wise Minerva's only fowl

as Sir Philip Sidney says in his *A Remedy for Love*. This was the owl that Shakespeare did not know. But it is an owl that we know very well—the little owl. It is strange, indeed, that the one owl that the ancients did not abhor, the one owl that the poets left alone, should be the one owl that we, who have at long last grown to recognise the worth of the tribe as a whole, should regard—with, it must be said, little justification—as a murderous little beast.

Yet it is not, perhaps, quite true to say that we have all grown to recognise the worth of the owl tribe. That might be taken to imply that everywhere, save among certain gypsies, the old superstitious dread of the owl has died out. And that would certainly not be true. Even at the beginning of this century, in Devonshire, the white barn owl was thought to be the ghost of some departed human, and there is a record, for as recently as 1934, of a conversation that took place in (I believe) Cadbury, in Somerset. A man, apparently in the best of health, had died suddenly. In conversation about the occurrence, an old man of the village said: "It were no more than I expected. I come past his house two nights afore, and there was a scret owl on his roof, scretting away something horrible. I always reckon to take notice of them things." And so, I am sure, do a lot of other people. It would, indeed, be foolish, as well as unmannerly, to laugh at those gypsies.

Besides—who knows?—next time I talk to them there may be no owl to disturb, but rather a pied wagtail, Romany cheriklo, the gypsy bird. Then all will be well.

Washington Greets the Queen Mother

Her Majesty's Visit to the U.S. Capital During Her Month's Stay in North America

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ARRIVES AT WASHINGTON'S NATIONAL AIRPORT TO BEGIN HER VISIT TO THE U.S.A. CAPITAL : She is seen in company with the U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, responding to the address of welcome after alighting from the President's plane, in which she had travelled from New York. ***Above, on right*****—**President and Mrs. Eisenhower stand with their royal guest on the steps of the White House after the official greeting. The President had opened the door of the Queen Mother's car as it drew up alongside the steps leading up to the principal portico on the north side of the White House. In the evening following her arrival in the capital, the Queen Mother attended a State dinner at the White House. It was served in the gold-decorated East Room and was attended by sixty-four guests.

MORNING SERVICE AT WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL : The Dean, The Very Rev. Francis B. Sayre, Jnr., and Canon Luther D. Miller, accompanying Her Majesty from the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul after the service, during which prayers had been offered for "the President of the United States, Queen Elizabeth and all others in authority." While at the Cathedral the Queen Mother saw the altar cross and candlesticks which were presented by King George VI.

THE VISIT TO THE PENTAGON, THE SPRAWLING HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENCE : The Queen Mother, accompanied by Colonel Robert Schulz, President Eisenhower's Military Aide, seen leaving the jewellery store, one of the shops in the vast building. She also saw a typical drug store during her visit to the Pentagon with Mrs. Eisenhower.

On left—

A CHAT WITH AN ARTIST : This incident occurred when the Queen Mother toured the National Gallery of Art and the Smithsonian Institute, in company with Mrs. Eisenhower. The visitors also stopped to look at a portrait of Queen Victoria.

On right—

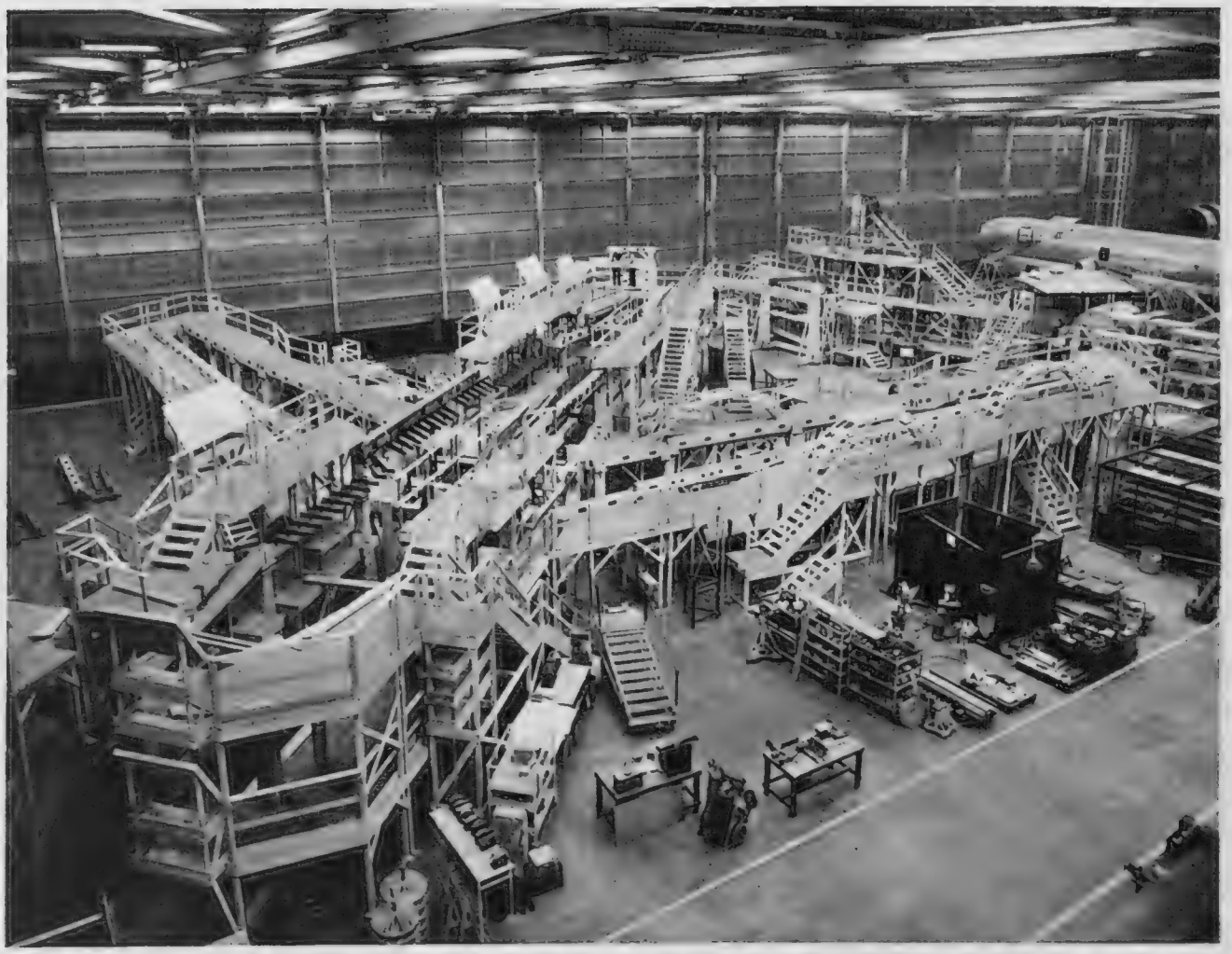
A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION : An unusual engagement for the Queen Mother was her meeting with members of the American National Press Club at a reception given at the Statler Hotel. She was surrounded by hundreds of correspondents and took 30 minutes to move 30 yards.

BUILDING, THE FIRST STRATOLINER

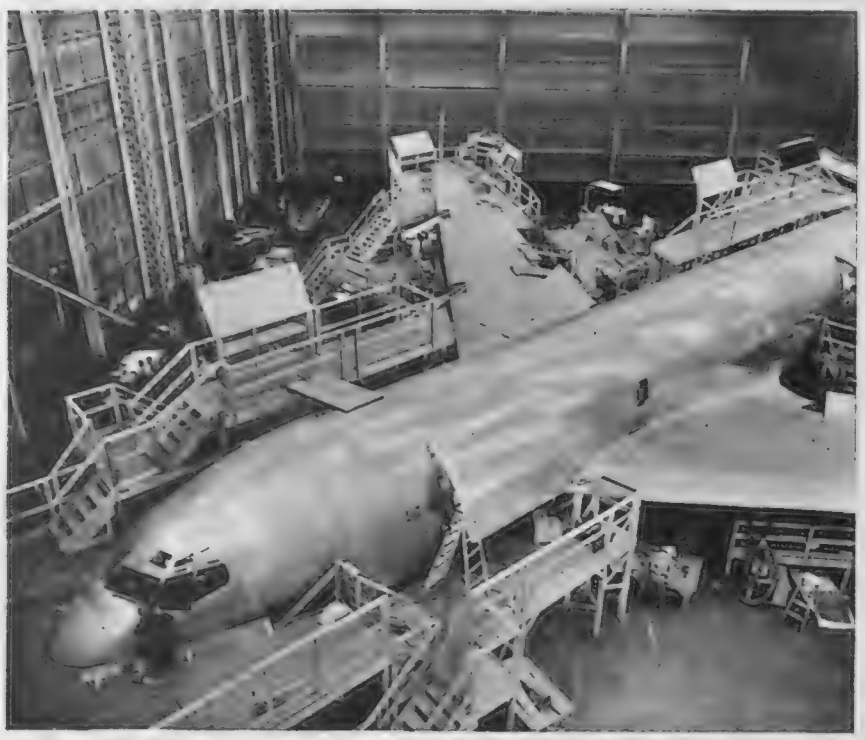
Pictures Recently Released from America Showing Stages in the Construction of the Prototype Boeing 707

Aircraft to-day are flying faster and higher than ever before. They are bigger than their predecessors and carry much complicated equipment. It therefore comes as no surprise to learn that the first jet transport aircraft built in the United States—even with the large resources of that country—has taken eight years to build.

By far the greater amount of this time is spent in theorising in discussions and on the drawing-board. Apart from the general aerodynamic layout of the aircraft, the designers' main problems are how to accommodate the extensive equipment needed in a modern aircraft, and how to keep down the weight. The latter is probably the greatest bugbear of all. Aircraft to-day have to withstand great strains and stresses, and in order to provide a reasonable safety factor are built strong enough to overcome loads many times greater than they are likely to experience in a normal flight. Even when the plans are completed down to the smallest detail, all is not plain sailing. Although designers' theories are usually right, modifications are often made during actual construction. It cost about £5,000,000 to build the Boeing 707. The makers claim that as a passenger liner the 707 could carry from 80 to 130 passengers across the Atlantic, putting this aircraft in the same class as the Comet III, but the American plane is also intended for military uses.



THE PRELIMINARY STAGES IN BUILDING A FOUR-ENGINED JET PASSENGER LINER: This is the extensive and complicated wooden jig inside which the Boeing 707 was built at the Boeing factory at Renton Airport, Washington. The picture was taken as workmen were putting the final touches to the jig and before the construction of the aircraft itself had started.



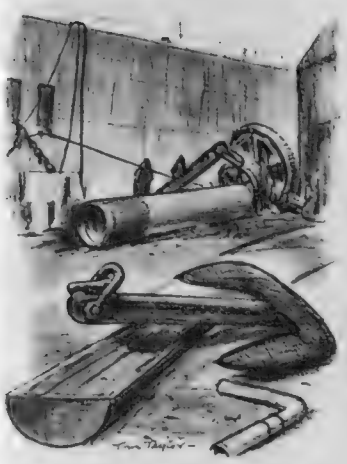
THE BOEING STRATOLINER IN A LATER STAGE OF CONSTRUCTION: The method of using the wooden jig can be seen from this picture. The aircraft took two years to build, after six years had been spent drawing plans.

A GIGANTIC MODEL AIRCRAFT: A wooden mock-up of the Boeing 707. From this model, exact in every shape and dimension, the constructors were able to plan the best methods of effecting various installations and building procedures.

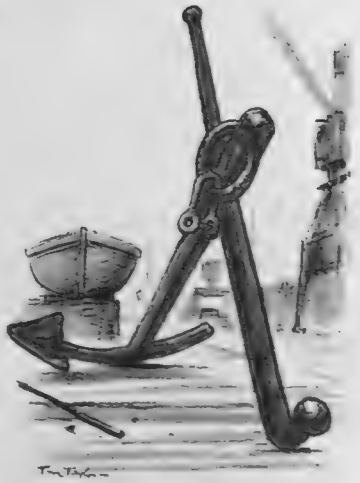
On left—
ATTENTION TO DETAIL: This workman is drilling a nose cowl of one of the four engines which will power the liner. Beyond, framed in the cowl, is the 707.

On right—
THE BUILDERS' LONG TASK IS FINISHED AND THE TEST-PILOT TAKES OVER: With its flaps down and undercarriage lowered, the 707 is seen as it prepares to land after its maiden flight.

THE HULK OF A WARSHIP AT THE SHIPBREAKERS: The battleship H.M.S. *Malaya*, a veteran of the Battle of Jutland, in the process of being broken up in the shipbreaking yard at Faslane Port, on the Gareloch, in the Firth of Clyde. The scrap piled along the quayside is only part of the thousands of tons of precious metals and other materials which are brought out by the cranes. But out of this apparent destruction new wealth is created to manufacture a great variety of articles.



NEW WEALTH OUT OF OLD SHIPS



Shipbreaking is an Important British Industry. The Thousands of Tons of Materials Taken from an Old Ship Remain in Circulation in an Unexpected Variety of New Articles

By GEORGE BLAKE

Drawings by TOM TAYLOR

MOST people, certainly all regular readers of THE SPHERE, have seen pictures of an interesting salvage operation recently carried out in the estuary of the Clyde. This was the lifting, out of a bed of silt, of a French destroyer, the *Maillé Brèze*, which blew up off Greenock while loading ammunition for the hapless Norwegian expedition of 1940. She went down with considerable loss of life, but not in the steamship fairway, and she might have lain there long enough, her upperworks showing at low tide, except that silt started to pile up against her hull and there was always the danger of pollution by oil escaping from her tanks.

The Admiralty therefore undertook to raise and remove the wreck for the Ministry of Transport, perhaps only as good practice for its salvage experts. They got a series of stout hawsers under the embedded hull and, as the salvage vessels lifted on the high spring tides, the *Maillé Brèze* was winkled out of the muddy grave in which she had lain for nearly fifteen years. Just two or three more lifts on suitable tides, and one of the finest destroyers of the pre-war French Fleet was elbowed across a mile or two of sandbank and beached. She will be duly pumped out, roughly patched up, and towed away to the knacker's yard.

The episode is specially interesting as pointing the difference between the allied trades, or arts, of salvage and shipbreaking. The lifting and removal of the *Maillé Brèze* made up a brilliant job of salvage, but whichever of the shipbreaking firms in the Clyde area has to deal with her shell will regard it as an everyday job. If she had been a great battleship, with thick steel plates, heavy guns and an enormous clot of propelling machinery in her midriff, not to mention the innumerable cabin appointments of a capital ship—good and well. There is next to nothing for the shipbreaker in the thin skin of a destroyer, almost nothing at all in the special fittings that have been under water so long: not much more than the bones of some twenty French sailors who died in her.

Shipbreaking is Big Business nowadays, its importance deriving almost directly from Britain's shortage of natural ores for the refinement of iron and steel and even more precious metals. It is located on the coasts of steel-smelting regions—South Wales, Northumberland and the Clyde, with an odd pocket or two on the Fife coast of the Firth of Forth. Probably the largest concentration is on the Clyde, for two good reasons. The great steelworks of Lanarkshire are at hand, with only short railway connections between shore and foundry, and the vast natural harbour of the Firth of Clyde has always been favoured by the Admiralty for the parking of its Reserve Fleets and by shipowners for the temporary mooring of their obsolescent vessels.

SALVAGE TO BE PUT TO GOOD USE: The oxy-acetylene flame-cutter reduces the metal of a dismantled ship to furnace size. Up to 60 per cent. of new British steel is composed of old steel in scrap form, much of it provided by the shipbreaking yards.

For shipbreaking does not nowadays depend to any great extent on the skill of the salvage experts. Practically all the vessels which were wrecked on our coasts during the war, and which could be floated, were got off long ago and sent for scrap. The rather curious exceptions are the remnants of the Imperial German Fleet and the blockships of the First World War, still being raised in Scapa Flow and towed to the Clyde and the Forth estuaries to be broken up. The main trade of the shipbreaker nowadays is in merchant vessels that have outlived their period of economic usefulness. Any old cargo-vessel will still yield its quota of iron, steel, copper, lead, brass and other metals. An old liner will disgorge the same materials in even larger quantities and produce all manner of domestic furnishings as well, from beds to saucepans, from crockery to clocks—each class of article sure of some sort of market. Breaking up a ship is a science; selling its innumerable contents is an art.

Only a few weeks ago I stood on what had once been one of the lower decks of the crack P. & O. liner, *Mooltan*. All that had towered above this level—funnels, bridge, upperworks, deck cabins and all the rest of it—had been cut away by the livid, searing flame of oxy-acetylene burners, dumped on the quay and shipped away in the

(Continued on following pages)

NEW WEALTH OUT OF OLD SHIPS—*(Continued)*

On left—
THE S.S. "MOOLTAN" ARRIVES FOR DEMOLITION: In the yards at Faslane every part of this famous P. & O. liner was recovered for further use. Her metal was cut into proper lengths and sent to feed the furnaces beyond Glasgow. Many lengths of deck planking were dispatched to building merchants. Her lighter furnishings and fittings were carefully sorted for re-employment. The business of the shipbreaking industry is to bring as many commodities as possible from a condemned ship back into circulation.

Below—
EXTRACTING THE LAST TON OF METAL: Breakers in the finishing berth at Faslane. Here the last parts of a ship are being worked on at low tide to recover every available ton of metal. Eventually the lower hull will be beached. From this workers with oxy-acetylene cutters may each produce as much as 20 tons of salvage a day.

A BRILLIANT SALVAGE OPERATION IN THE CLYDE: The deck of the French destroyer *Maillé Brèze*, which blew up off Greenock in 1940, is seen here after she had been brought to the surface last August. The salvage was undertaken by Admiralty experts. Stout hawsers were passed under the destroyer's hull and she was lifted on the tide by salvage vessels, two of which are in the background of the picture. In the left foreground is a hole torn by the 1940 explosion.

(Continued from previous page)

proper lengths to feed the furnaces beyond Glasgo
On the dockside, being carefully sorted out, were h
lighter furnishings—timber, three-ply wood, wash-ha
basins, mattresses, mirrors, towels, ropes, and what y
will. The engines of the old ship were being ginge
lifted out of her innards: now a crankshaft of shini
steel, then the gunmetal casing of a condenser, with
countless brass tubes.

This was at Faslane Port, on the Gareloch, t
innermost of the many arms of the Firth of Clyd
The artificial, deep-water port was built by the Arm
during the early years of the Second World War, a
hence sailed many a convoy for North Africa and par
adjacent. Now its business is to take in ships fo
destruction and disposal in bits and pieces through th
Shipbreaking and Salvage Subsidiaries of Metal Indu
tries, Ltd. Here one begins to understand, or ought t
what we mean when we talk of ourselves as a gre
nation of shipbuilders. Here came the bitter end o
such monstrous vessels as the German battlesh
Derfflinger, raised by an associated company from th
depths of Scapa Flow and towed, bottom upwards, al
the way round the North of Scotland to the Clyde, a
so into a floating dock for ultimate dismembermen
Here met her end in the degradation of scrapping, th
great old *Aquitania* of the Cunard fleet. My *Moolt*
was neighboured by a tanker that had once carri
molasses and still stank of them, and an old Holt lin
with the straight blue funnel, the second enginee
discarded slippers still on the worn carpet before his c

Here, above all, one comes to realise how much w
put into any ship we build. The meanest ship swallo
up thousands of tons of our precious steel. When y

A FAMOUS WARTIME CASUALTY IN THE HANDS OF THE BREAKERS: Two impressions by the artist of the demolition of the tanker *Athel Prince*, twice torpedoed during the war. *On left*—The deck with its pipes, and in the background an oxy-acetylene cutter starting to tear through the metal. *On right*—Another part of the deck. The breaker is preparing to cut it into pieces, each of 15 or 20 ft., to be lifted off by cranes. A ship of this size takes about two months to be demolished.

MECHANICAL AIDS IN THE SCIENCE OF SHIPBREAKING: Further drawings of Faslane, built during the war as an artificial port, from which many convoys sailed. Now it is a centre for shipbreaking in the most up-to-date and scientific manner. *On the left* is the base of one of the large cranes. The hulk of the ship on which it is working runs along the left side of the drawing. *On the right*, railway wagons are being loaded by crane with deck-housing, furniture and fittings from the ship being dismantled on the left.

build a liner you launch a town, with its own electrical plant, sewage system, ventilation, internal telephone communications and all the other social services—down to pretty little metal spears for the cocktail cherries. It is the whole business of the shipbreaking industry to bring as many of these commodities back into circulation.

The process of breaking down—or up—a ship is thus a matter of careful planning. In the first place, since most of the workers are using high-powered cutting burners, the first concern is to get out of the hull all manner of inflammable material, from wood to cork insulation. You will take care that the holds and engine-room spaces are free of gas and, if she has been an oil-burner, you will look out for little pockets of fuel that may have worked behind a rivet.

A proper degree of security thus established, you start to gut the domestic departments, from the cooking ranges to the lavatory pans. You aim, in short, to have nothing but metal left before the burners start to slice up what was once a fine ship as a child will maul its fifth birthday cake.

Huge chunks of the original fabric swing through the air, as heavy as the quayside cranes can take. It is a levelling experience to see what was once the frame-work of a proud captain's chartroom come down with a clatter of old iron on the wharf. You see the burners, the blue flame hardly paled by bright sunlight, spurting and flaming like fireworks as they keep cutting, cutting, cutting through sheer steel, the inner jet of pure oxygen irresistible within the outer sheath of acetylene gas burning in oxygen. An average worker will cut away fully 3 tons of steel in the course of a day. When the last lower fragment of the ship's hull is beached at length and the boys get down to the heavy stuff near the keel, the right man may produce as much as 20 tons in the day and be paid accordingly.

As it takes an enormous application of power to build any ship, so must enormous power be applied to her destruction; and it seems curious that the chief agent is a gas—oxygen. It comes to such a big yard as that at Faslane in liquid form, road-hauled in one of those bright red lorries carrying spherical aluminium containers one so often meets on our highways. In a special house, through a complicated arrangement of valves and pipes coated with snow, it is reduced back to its gaseous form and stored in a battery of long cylinders from which, under pressure, it is fed through mile upon mile of fortified but flexible piping to wherever a squad may be at work. It is wise at any time to watch your feet in a shipbreaking yard; it is specially desirable to look out for the subtle tripping qualities of those endless and serpentine coils of tubing.

For the work of dismantling the ship at the dockside is only the beginning of the job. The shipbreaker is under obligation to reduce the chunks torn out of the vessel to what is called "furnace size"—that is, pieces of dimensions suitable for immediate feeding into the furnaces at the steelworks. There are thus as many livid flames at work, as much oxygen being burned, as in the ship afloat at the dock or on the beach.

Steel and iron, particularly steel, are the essential treasures of the shipbreaking business. The furnaces can never get enough. The British output of finished steel is in the region of 16,000,000 tons, and there is always the cry for more. Not many people realise that up to 60 per cent. of our new steel is composed of old steel in scrap form, so much of it provided by the shipbreaking yards; they absorb and regurgitate, as it were, a big slice of the national wealth. But many more metals than steel go to the making of a ship. There is lead—at about £90 the ton; copper at about £200. The precious white metal of which bearings are made may fetch £400 the ton.

Apart from the obvious bulk of steel and iron, therefore, the job is largely one of identification and selection. Any shipbreaking dockside looks in the layman's eyes like a muddled junk-shop designed by Topolski in a mood of gay abandon. There is cold, strict method in the madness, however, for everything in a ship has some sort of value except perhaps the cement put in to strengthen a deck. Even cork insulation, looking like so much old wood that has been under water for years, will be bought by somebody to make up into the bath mat you will buy to-morrow. But the metals matter most, and there are expert eyes to sort them out and assess their qualities for future use.

In one store given over to non-ferrous metals a foreman with a wise face will produce a little file from his breast pocket, pull it across a bit of piping in his hand, peer at the scar and promptly declare the material to be No. 1 quality brass or perhaps only No. 2. In a clearing behind, a middle-aged workman is pulling the tubes out of a condenser and holding them up to the sky to peer through them like an astronomer in search of an elusive star. He is in that brief glance judging which are perished beyond hope and which can be sent away to be redrawn and used again.

Beyond these metallurgical mysteries, however, the layman must rejoice most in the fantastic variety of the gadgets that come out of a ship, especially a passenger vessel, and wonder how on earth it can possibly be

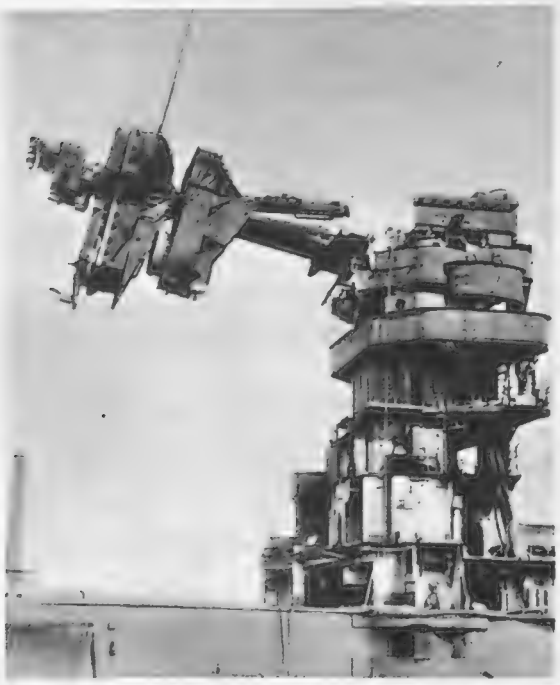
(Concluded on following page)

THE LAST BERTH OF A FAMOUS AIRCRAFT-CARRIER : H.M.S. *Formidable* awaiting demolition at Inverkeithing, in the Firth of Forth. She was towed from Portsmouth on her last journey eighteen months ago. Every new ship built contains elements from an old dismantled one. Smaller items of salvage are used for making such unlikely things as razor blades and stakes for growing flowers. One article is always exempted from salvage—the ship's bell. Often it is kept as a memento by the shipmaster. Only a few shipbreaking yards are located on the Firth of Forth. The greater part of the important shipbreaking industry in Britain is located on the coasts of the steel-smelting regions of South Wales, Northumberland and the Clyde.

NEW WEALTH OUT OF OLD SHIPS (*Cont.*)

(*Concluded from previous page*)

disposed of. What do you do with a couple of hundred spring mattresses, as many wash-hand basins and perhaps a thousand tumblers and wine glasses? It is surprising what can be, and is, done. Somebody is starting up a seaside camp or a small hotel, and an advertisement in one of the recondite journals that cater for the huge trade in second-hand goods brings the buyer sooner or later. A ship's compass looks a tolerably hopeless article of merchandise, but a yachtsman or the owner of a small coasting vessel will cruise along in due course, pay cash on the nail and take it away. As for the rusting switchboard in the corner, trust some amateur of wireless to put down his shillings and cart it off for the sake of the spare parts.



DISMANTLING H.M.S. "REVENGE": A picture of another famous British warship in the shipbreaking yard at Inverkeithing. The fighting-top of the battle cruiser is being lowered. However, the metal salvaged from it may well be used in a new warship.

One of Faslane's most unexpected deals in recent months was in mattresses with an unusual type of spring: straps of fine metal stretched like a Venetian blind from side to side. Just the thing for an up-and-coming hotel, one might have thought, but the party who bought a hundred of them explained that he kept pigs and proposed to set the mattresses up on their sides, end to end, to make an indestructible compound for his beasts. The trade in salvaged goods is always a queer one, but it is a revelation to discover how many people are always around to pick up improbable bargains.

The first thing to be taken out of a ship condemned to the scrapheap, its woodwork, is possibly the last thing to go. One of the unexpected oddities of any ship's furniture—a cabin dressing-table or a handsome desk—is that it has almost certainly been cut to fit the camber of a deck and simply will not stand straight upright on dry land. For the most part, therefore, the British shipbreaking firms have their own joiner's shops for the handling of ships' woodwork to turn it into marketable commodities.

Lengths of good deck planking, pine or even teak, will go soon enough to building trade merchants. The local carpenter with a nice little job of house renovation on hand will be down promptly to pick up supplies of three-ply panelling. Even so, all sorts of oddments of wood, hard and soft, are left on hand; and at this point the shipbreaker becomes a constructive manufacturer.

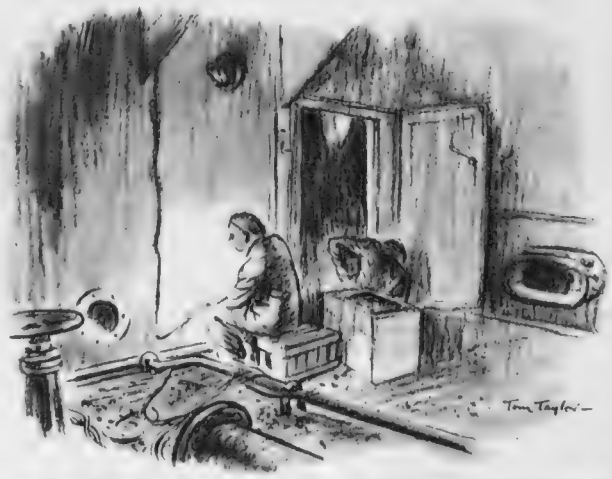
Garden furniture, exquisitely fashioned out of teak, is one of the lines familiar to all readers of advertisements. Softer woods make elegant garden gates to replace those they took away from us during the war—to make steel. The carpenters in these yards will run off hundreds of yards of bound wire and flexible fencing. In the odd hour, when they come down to the poorest quality wood of all, they will turn it into bundles of dahlia stakes.

It all comes back again to the problem of marketing. If the sale of salvaged metals is automatic enough, the innumerable odds-and-ends out of a ship need handling by experts. Why on earth, the layman may reasonably ask, should a huge shipbreaking concern that deals in thousands of tons of precious steel in each week be reduced to making dahlia stakes? Quite simple. An awful lot of people in Great Britain grow dahlias and chrysanthemums: hundreds of thousands of people or, shall we say, millions? The big departmental stores in particular want them by the gross for that section of the basement in which the suburban gardener takes his chief delight.

The wheel comes full-circle in such ways. The razor blade you will use to-morrow morning may have come out of the *Aquitania*. Your dahlia stakes for next year's growth may quite likely be fashioned from the less valuable woodwork of the *Mooltan*. The ship in which you are going on that autumn cruise is assuredly built to a considerable extent out of steel from old ships.

In the nature of the human being, part of the shipbreaking business, however small, is sentimentally based. When a ship is bought to be broken up, its bell is almost always exempted from the contract. Shipmasters cherish these emblems of their last command, and the owners properly indulge them.

Yet, shipbreaking is not a sentimental business. Any man with a feeling for ships and the sea may indeed stand on the dockside at Faslane and, thinking long thoughts, see the old, battered ship in her pride and consider the lives, careers, hopes and frustrations of every member of crew or passenger who sailed in her during the thirty years or so of her useful life. There is a novel in every one of her kind. But the right sort of eye can discern poetry even in the apparently destructive science of shipbreaking. To say that it makes a vast contribution to the national well-being is just one way of putting it. It is so much more agreeable and basically true to say that it creates new and beautiful things out of what were for a time regarded as mere hulks.



CONSTRUCTIVE DESTRUCTION: Two breakers at work on the deck-housing of a ship in the yard at Faslane. Their burners cut through every obstacle, from thick steel plates to wires.

HONG KONG TO-DAY

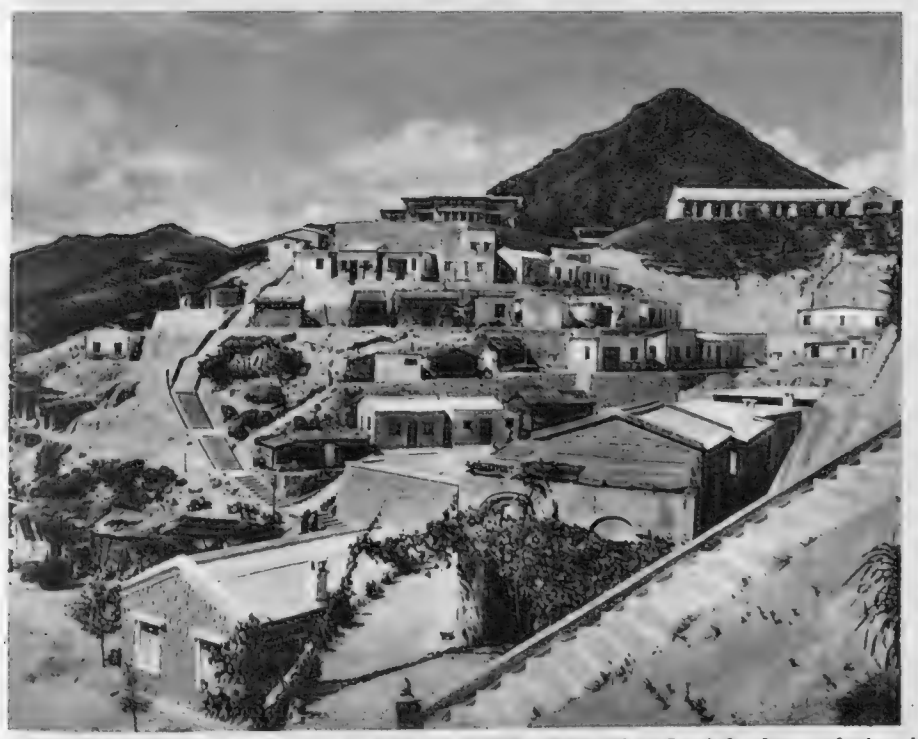
Facing Communist China, the British Colony Thrives and is Settling its Domestic Problems

HONG KONG TO-DAY—TWO PICTURES OF THE COLONY FROM ITS HIGHEST POINT: *On left*—Looking down from Victoria Peak to the buildings and streets of the island, and across Victoria Harbour to Kowloon, on the mainland. *On right*—Another general view, which was taken from the funicular tramway running from the city of Victoria to the summit of Victoria Peak. It is a popular trip at week-ends, when large crowds make the ascent by tram to enjoy the panorama of the Colony.

On this page are pictures of Hong Kong, nowadays an outpost of the British Commonwealth on the borders of Communist China. From Victoria Peak one looks down to a thriving community, in the island itself and, across the harbour, in Kowloon, on the mainland. The area in which there is free movement within the Colony now stops at Lowu Bridge. Between it and the frontier of China, some miles away, the authorities have decreed a "No Man's Land." It can be entered only with special permission. Squatters remain a problem. However, the authorities are erecting single-storey dwellings for them.

THE BRIDGE INTO "NO MAN'S LAND": Although some miles from the Chinese frontier, Lowu Bridge is the limit to Hong Kong. Beyond is a "No Man's Land," only to be entered with a permit. In this picture a guard watches vegetable sellers on the bridge.

THE BOOM AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR: It stretches along the lines shown by dots, across the centre and right of the picture. It runs from Hong Kong Island to the mainland, a mile away. The boom prevents smuggling and illegal entry. Ships enter the harbour through a narrow gap, where police and Customs officers in launches wait to carry out inspections.



THE EFFORT TO SOLVE THE COLONY'S SQUATTER PROBLEM: *On left*—Some of the single-storey brick dwellings in the Ngau Tau Kok settlement in Kowloon. The authorities are erecting many of them for the squatters, who are a problem in the Colony. *On right*—A group of typical huts of corrugated iron, wood and sacking, which the squatters build for themselves. Washing is laid out on the roadside and the bank. Fire is common among these shacks. In a recent outbreak 1,000 were destroyed.

"FENNY POPPERS" AT FENNY STRATFORD

A St. Martin's Day Ceremony in the Buckinghamshire Town to Celebrate the Founding of the Parish Church in 1730

CELEBRATING THE PATRONAL FESTIVAL AT ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, FENNY STRATFORD, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: *Left*—A view of the 224-year-old church; and *on right*, the preparations are made for the firing of the poppers in the churchyard. The verger, Mr. E. W. Quinby, is filling the poppers with gunpowder in readiness for the first of three firing sessions. This ceremony, known as the "Fenny Poppers," takes place on each St. Martin's Day, to celebrate the founding of the church.

A CHARGE IS MADE READY: The verger rams gunpowder into a popper for the first firing at noon. Subsequent firings took place at 2 p.m. and 4 p.m.

The firing of the "Fenny Poppers" at St. Martin's Church, Fenny Stratford, in Buckinghamshire, is an eighteenth-century custom which still shows no sign of dying. It first began after the death of the founder of the church, Dr. Browne Willis, in 1760, and was intended as an additional commemoration of the patronal festival. This year, on St. Martin's Day, there were the customary three firings, with the Vicar, Canon Wheeler, touching-off the first round at noon. Subsequent firings of the six old poppers took place at 2 p.m. and 4 p.m., the gunpowder charges being touched-off by a red-hot iron.

Dr. Browne Willis gave a substantial sum of money to found the church in 1730. He also decreed that a special sermon should be preached on St. Martin's Day for a fee of one guinea, and that a parish feast be held on the evening of the festival.

FIRING THE FIRST "FENNY POPPER": The Vicar of St. Martin's Church, the Rev. Canon Cyril A. Wheeler, fires the first "shot" with the aid of a red-hot iron. There were six "bangs" in each of the three firings. This annual custom dates from about 1760.

***On left*—**
THE RICHLY-DECORATED CEILING OF ST. MARTIN'S: The spaces for the heraldic signs on the ceiling were sold in order to raise money for the building fund of the church, an idea which was put into practice by the founder. Fenny Stratford now forms part of the urban district of Bletchley.

***On right*—**
COMMEMORATING THE FOUNDER: This is the tomb of Dr. Browne Willis in St. Martin's Church. The memorial stone is flanked by a small figure of the Blessed Virgin Mary and Child on one side, and by the Mothers' Union banner on the other. There are also several other memorials to the founder's memory in the church.

THE CENTRAL FEATURE OF THE PLAN: The main sports hall, which is the focal-point of the London County Council's proposed youth and sports centre at Crystal Palace. On each side of this model are the games fields, and beyond, at right, is the hostel and dormitory wing to be provided by the King George VI Memorial Foundation. In the main sports hall will be a swimming-pool of Olympic dimensions; gymnasia and other facilities for indoor training; and rooms fully equipped for instructors and trainers and their apparatus. The L.C.C.'s proposal, which would cost a total of £1,797,000, was discussed last week by Sir Gerald Barry, who was Director-General of the Festival of Britain and who is the Council's chief consultant on the development and use of the Crystal Palace site. He said that the proposed centre would be used exclusively for amateur sport, and would not compete in any way with commercial sport. Its main purpose was the "training of trainers" up to Olympic Games standards. Although this development of Crystal Palace is proposed by the London County Council, it is intended that it should be a national centre, and it was not envisaged that the running costs, between £50,000 and £60,000 a year, should be borne by London's ratepayers.

A National Sports Centre at Crystal Palace

An Outline of the London County Council's £1,797,000 Scheme

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE GAMES AREAS: In the foreground can be seen the cricket oval, the Rugby football pitch, the tennis courts (at right), and, in the shadow of the main sports hall, the basket-ball hard courts. Beyond the hall is the hockey field, and the main arena, which includes a football pitch, a running track and facilities for field athletics.

THE COUNCIL'S ARCHITECT PUTS THE LID ON IT: Dr. J. L. Martin, the L.C.C.'s architect, is seen with the model of the main sports hall when the Crystal Palace plan was revealed at a conference last week. Together with Sir Gerald Barry, Dr. Martin has been responsible for the plans for this national youth and sports centre.

THE BUSY TUGS ON THE RIVER THAMES : The vessel in the foreground, towing barges, is a modern Diesel craft tug. Behind it are two steam ship tugs. These two types are the main ones to be seen in docks and waterways throughout the world. In the Port of London, where many thousands of barges are in use daily, the craft tug is especially important. The ship tug, although used mainly for assisting steamers into and out of berths, is often equipped for estuarial and coastal salvage work.

SHIPS' HANDMAIDS

The History and Duties of the Many Types of Tugs to be Seen in the Rivers and Ports of Britain To-day

By L. M. BATES

DESPITE the diatribes of old-time sailormen about burning the profits of the voyage in the ship's furnaces, wind as a motive power, however cheap, was too fickle to withstand the unrelenting pressure of steam. Although few shellbacks at the time recognised the implications, a sort of Trojan sea-horse was admitted when windshipmen, becalmed or ill-served by adverse winds, gladly availed themselves of the auxiliary power of steam-driven craft to pluck them into or out of harbour. Indeed, the need for power to aid sailing vessels to make the last or the first leg of their voyages inspired not a few inventors. And this was long before the possibility was envisaged of steam competing with wind as a means of propulsion.

The first practical steamship to be used in this country was, in fact, a tugboat, the *Charlotte Dundas*, which successfully, if perilously, demonstrated her power in the Clyde as early as 1802. But a horse-conscious public would have none of it, and so forcefully complained about the wash made by her paddles that steam towage was temporarily abandoned. Steam tugs, however, appeared in the Tyne in 1815 and again in the Clyde in about 1819. The practice of "taking steam," as advertised by the sailing-ship owners, soon spread to other ports, particularly to East Coast harbours, where sailing vessels sometimes lay for weeks waiting for a favourable wind to reach the open sea. Tug owners began to prosper, and some of our old-established towage companies to-day have traditions almost as venerable as those of our oldest steamship companies.

Although the famous marine tug-of-war in 1845 between H.M.S. *Rattler* and *Alecto* proved the superiority of the screw-driven vessel, the paddle tug survived in general use for many years and, in certain rivers, right up to the present day. Sailors then, as in fact some still do, asserted the superior manœuvrability of the paddle tug in confined waters. One of the most famous paddle tugs, still remembered with affection by old-timers of London River, was the *Anglia* of Messrs. William Watkins Limited. Known from her three "woodbine" funnels, one forward of a pair abreast, as "Three-finger Jack," she distinguished herself by towing Cleopatra's Needle to the Thames after it had been abandoned during a storm in the Bay of Biscay.

For many years there was the keenest rivalry between the tug companies; and their craft, "seeking," as it was called, the rope of some inward-bound windship, roamed down-Channel sometimes as far as the Lizard. Many were the ruses adopted by tug skippers to throw rival craft off the scent. When they came alongside the windship, a bout of subtle bargaining would ensue. The master of the ship would take into account the state of wind and tide and the market for his cargo, and the absence or presence of other tugs. The tug skipper would think about his bunkers, the distance from port, and also potential competition in the form of other tugs. Then inevitably the two prices would near and finally merge in a verbal agreement which was invariably honoured. Much of the romance of towage work went out when "seeking" was replaced by the modern and more orderly technique of a pre-arranged contract.

Towage to-day falls into three main categories. The most spectacular centres on ocean rescue tugs. Up to the outbreak of the Second World War, the Dutch had almost a monopoly of this class of work, but the need to salvage every ton of shipping for our threatened nation caused a number of ocean-going tugs to be built in, and operated by, this country. Equipped with all the latest navigational devices, these big vessels, with a crew of up to about thirty, wait at strategic positions such as Cork or Falmouth for the radio message or cable that will send them off to sea.

They are immensely strong and seaworthy, are fast, and have a big range before refuelling becomes necessary. An automatic towing-winch works to any predetermined tension, and the vessels carry complete salvage and fire-fighting equipment. They are expensive to maintain while they are idle, although the introduction of the Diesel engine now permits them to avoid the steam tug's costly need to keep up a head of steam, as well as allowing them to get under way within a few minutes of receiving orders.

Most readers will remember the epic in 1952 of the ocean rescue tug *Turmoil* and the American freighter *Flying Enterprise*. These big tugs are, however, not always engaged in such spectacular work, and may find themselves employed on a slow and humdrum tow of a dry-dock or a grain elevator to the other side of the world. For this type of work these tugs carry walkie-talkie radio sets for communicating with the "runner" crews on board the tow. If the tow is "dead," i.e., has no life on board, it is necessary to equip it with navigation lights, operated by an automatic device if the voyage is too long for them to be left alight all the time.

By virtue of the few demands for their services, ocean rescue tugs are relatively few in number. The largest fleets of tugboats are found in ports and harbours, and these can be roughly divided into two types—the ship-towage tug and the craft tug.

The ship tug, in all big British ports, is used mainly for docking and undocking vessels, pulling, pushing and nudging vessels into or out of their berths, or assisting them to manœuvre in crowded and confined waterways. The tug skippers work in close collaboration with the pilots and are quite as knowledgeable about the set of tidal currents and other hazards of inter-port movement. Success in this type of work, at least in the case of the steam-driven tug, lies in the uncanny co-operation between the skipper and the engineer. The latter, waiting in the engine-room with his hand on the throttle, will sense, even before the bridge telegraph rings, what the next order will be, and the manœuvre will be carried out almost as soon as the skipper has made his decision.

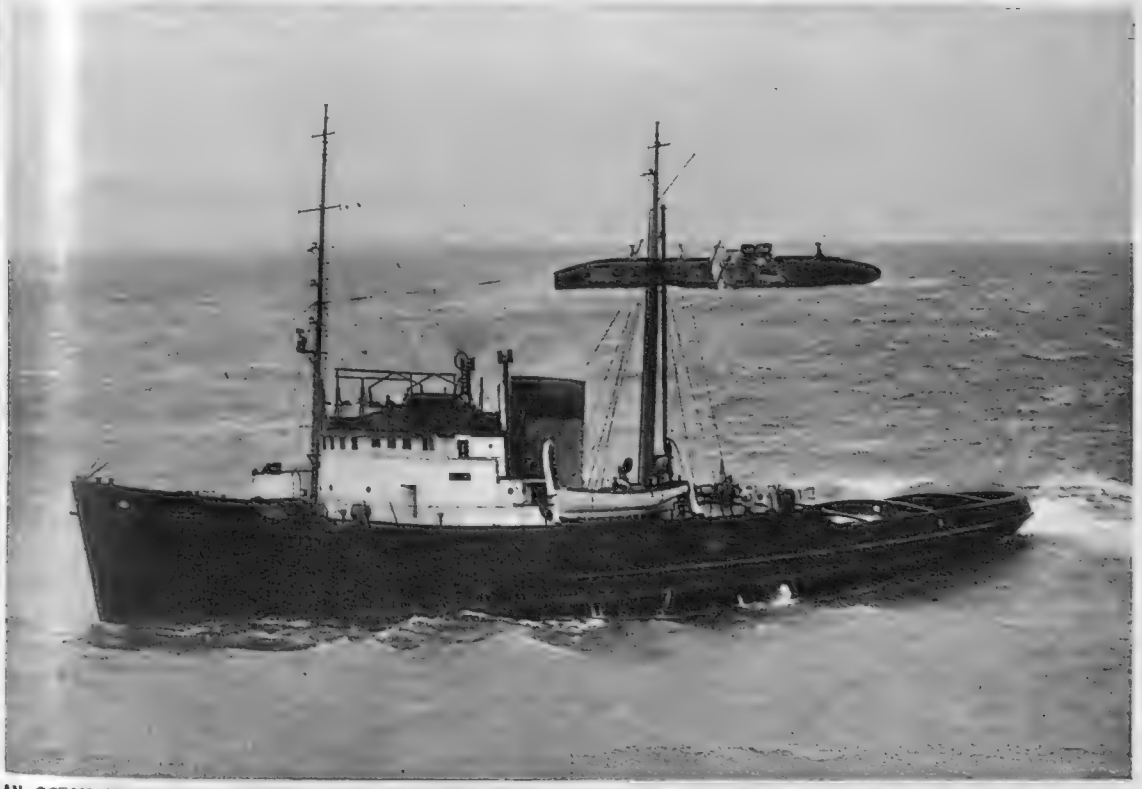
Steam is still largely used for this class of work, principally, perhaps, because of the long-proven reliability of the steam-engine. Diesel tugs, however, are being increasingly used for ship towage, and this type of propulsion has a number of advantages. A smaller crew, say six or seven, is needed than in the steam-driven tug, where firemen may bring the total crew up to about nine; operating and maintenance costs of the Diesel tug are lower; the engine can be operated by remote control from the bridge, thus ensuring instant response; no time is wasted in raising steam; and bunkering takes less time.

A HARBOUR TUG WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN CONVERTED FROM STEAM TO DIESEL ENGINES : The superstructure of this vessel, *George V*, has also been extensively modified. The new arrangement has provided a clearer deck and has enabled the towing-hook to be placed in the best position. This tug belongs to the Anchor Line.

A WELL-KNOWN SIGHT ON THE THAMES : This is one of the most modern of the "Sun" ship tugs, and is powered by Diesel engines. The "Sun" fleet is one of the two towage fleets operating in the Thames.

THE "BANTAM," A UNIQUE TYPE OF TUG WHICH CAN BOTH PUSH AND PULL : This craft tug can be coupled rigidly to a barge to make it, in effect, a self-propelled and self-steering vessel. These vessels have proved their worth in waterways where there are very strong currents.

STEAM SHIP TUGS IN THE KING GEORGE V DOCK, PORT OF LONDON : They are seen assisting a vessel into the entrance lock of the dock. These tugs do not tow steamers but are used to assist complicated manœuvres.



AN OCEAN RESCUE TUG WHICH MADE HEADLINE NEWS : This is the tug *Turmoil*, which went to the aid of the ill-fated *Flying Enterprise* in January, 1952. These large tugs are not always engaged in such notable work, but often find themselves towing such things as dry-docks from one side of the world to the other.

Ship tugs vary, of course, considerably in design according to the nature of the work on which they are to be employed, but most of them are fully equipped for estuarial and coastal salvage work. Large-capacity pumps and monitors are nearly always available in these powerful craft to assist vessels in distress or to help in less urgent salvage operations. In these days of ever-greater safety at sea, "hovels," as the tugmen call salvage jobs, grow fewer; but many yarns about golden salvage awards are still told along the waterfronts of tug ports.

The craft tug also comprises a number of different types, from the bigger boats which can tow small ships as well as barges, carrying, perhaps, a crew of four or five men, the smaller steam tugs whose funnels bow gracefully as they pass under bridges, and modern streamlined Diesel tugs, to the "Toshers," as the small launch tugs are called. In the Port of London, where some 7,000 barges are in daily use, the craft tug is a feature of the greatest importance.

A unique variation of the craft tug is to be found in the "Bantams," Diesel-driven tugboats which push their barges instead of towing them. Briefly, they are in effect quickly detachable power units which can be rigidly coupled to dumb craft to turn them into self-propelled, self-steering vessels for the duration of the voyage. In certain waterways, and for certain otherwise unwieldy work, this method has proved superior in the control of the tow to the more orthodox method of pulling.

The men who man the big ocean rescue tugs are essentially deep-water men, but the crews of the other two types of tugs are amphibious. Mostly first-class seamen, with a profound knowledge of the way of a ship, they have, so to speak, one leg ashore. Quick-thinking men, slow of speech, with long traditions of service, they are individualists to a man; and they and their craft are anything but "fussy."

ONE OF THE MOST MODERN SHIP HANDLING TUGS IN THE WORLD : The *Platina*, seen here, is one of three similar Diesel tugs belonging to the Port of London Authority. They are used for ship towage inside London docks.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL TUG FOR USE IN THE PERSIAN GULF : The *Zallaq* was designed for use in the shallow waters off Bahrein, and because of limitations in draft, the vessel has propellers operating in tunnels. This tug can operate both as a towing vessel and as a carrier of men and equipment.

THE HERRING FLEETS HAVE A GOOD SEASON

Heavy Catches are Reported from Stornoway and Great Yarmouth

On right—

THE HERRING FLEET DRAWN UP AT STORNOWAY, IN THE ISLE OF LEWIS, SCOTLAND : The herring season is now in full swing and the harbour at Stornoway is the scene of much activity. Boats from Fraserburgh, Banff, Buckie and Inverness are landing their catches there. Since the beginning of November, catches have been extremely heavy and the home market was only able to absorb a small amount of the catch : the remainder of the fish had to be sold to the reduction factory. Last week, landings were so heavy that even the reduction factory could not take all the fish offered. On one day it was glutted with an intake of almost 1,300 crans, and after this it was announced that the factory would take only ten crans from each ship.

UNLOADING HERRINGS AT GREAT YARMOUTH : Boats are seen at the fish wharf as their crews unload their catches in the early morning sunlight. As at Stornoway, the catches off the east coast have been very heavy this year.

PUTTING OUT TO SEA FOR ANOTHER DAY'S FISHING : Boats of the Stornoway fleet are seen leaving the harbour. Among the heaviest catches during recent weeks was one of 360 crans from seventeen boats. Rarely has bad weather prevented the fleet from enjoying the excellent fishing conditions.

SEA DEFENCES IN SUSSEX

The New Sea-wall and a Gale-proof Groyne at Seaford

Below—

THE NEW GROYNE, WHICH IS BUILT OF STEEL AND TIMBER : This sturdy-looking construction has cost £5,000, and the sea defences along the front have cost over £20,000.

SEAFORD STRIKES ANOTHER BLOW IN ITS BATTLE AGAINST THE SEA : This is a general view of the new sea-wall, which has been built alongside the main Seaford-Newhaven Road in Sussex. During previous winters, traffic which would have used this road has had to be diverted, because heavy seas, whipped up by gales, have washed tons of sand and shingle on to the road. Among other improvements to the sea defences is a new steel groyne which has just been completed opposite the old Buckle Inn. This place has proved to be one of the danger spots on the seafront. The groyne is fitted with hatches which can trap the beach whichever way the sea is running. When a gale starts piling sand up against the groyne, the hatches are opened and the sand is washed through.

On right—

THE OLD GROYNE AT SEAFORD, WHICH HAS FINALLY COLLAPSED : This has lasted for fifty years, but broke up recently under the stress of many severe storms and gales.

THE PRELUDE TO AN ELECTION AT ABERDEEN: Students engaged in one of the traditional battles which precede the voting for a new Rector. Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor was the successful candidate: others were the Rev. Michael Scott, Group-Captain Douglas Bader and Sir Bernard Docker.

In the election which followed the battles pictured on this page, Sir Rhoderick McGrigor received 392 votes out of the 1,044 which were cast, and was thus elected Rector in succession to Mr. Jimmy Edwards, the radio and stage comedian. Next came the Rev. Michael Scott, the director of the African Bureau in London, who received 330 votes, and Group-Captain Douglas Bader with 306. The fourth candidate, Sir Bernard Docker, polled 16 votes. Over 50 per cent. of the students voted in the election, the result of which was announced by the Principal, Sir Thomas Taylor.

The new Rector has a connection with the University: his great-grandfather, Sir James McGrigor, the Aberdeen doctor, was Wellington's chief Medical Officer in the Peninsular War and was elected Rector of Aberdeen University three times during the first half of the nineteenth century.

On left—
THE SCOTTS AGAINST THE McGRIGORS: Supporters of two of the opposing parties are seen locked in battle.

PRE-ELECTION BATTLES AT ABERDEEN

Students Engaged in the Traditional Battles Before Electing a New Rector

ONE OF THE MANY SCRIMMAGES WHICH TOOK PLACE BEFORE THE VOTING: As happened last year, the outcome of the fights proved to be an accurate forecast of the voting, with the supporters of the Admiral as undisputed victors.

SIR WINSTON AT HARROW

The Premier Visits His Old School to Take Part in the Annual "Sing-Song," and to Receive an Eightieth Birthday Present

A GREAT WELCOME FOR "THEIR MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PREDECESSOR AT THE HILL": The boys at Harrow, held back by the seniors, cheer Sir Winston Churchill as he leaves the school after the annual "Songs" night in the Speech Room. During the proceedings the Premier received a birthday present from the boys.

Last week-end Sir Winston Churchill went to Harrow to take part in the annual "Songs" night held in the Speech Room and to receive an inlaid cigar cabinet as a gift from the school on the occasion of his forthcoming eightieth birthday. It was the Premier's fifteenth consecutive visit since the time of "great anxiety" in 1940, and he made it known that he had every intention of joining in the songs next year. He received a great welcome in the Speech Room and again later, when he appeared at a window in the Headmaster's house. In honour of the occasion a new verse was introduced into the school song, "Forty Years On," which closed with the words, "Long may you fight, Sir, who fearless and eager look back to-day more than sixty years on." Sir Winston told the boys that he was confident that as the heirs of fathers who had set as fine an example in the fighting field and general struggle as any could show, they would maintain Britain's great influence and authority.

OUTSIDE THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE: Sir Winston appeared at the window after prolonged singing and chanting of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and "We Want Churchill." He gave the "V" sign in acknowledgment of the cheers.

THE FLOODS IN THE WEST COUNTRY : As a result of heavy rains the levels of the Rivers Severn and Avon rose rapidly. Farmers were warned by police to move their livestock from ground near the rivers to prevent them being cut off by floods. In this picture a herd of cattle moved from low-lying fields by the Avon are seen grazing in safe pasturage on higher ground near Bredon, in Worcestershire. All down the Avon valley hundreds of acres of agricultural land were inundated, the river at Evesham being nearly 5 ft. above normal level. At Worcester the Severn was rising at one time at the rate of an inch an hour and householders near the banks moved their furniture to upper rooms. The rains caused floods over a wide area from Wales across the Midlands into Yorkshire.

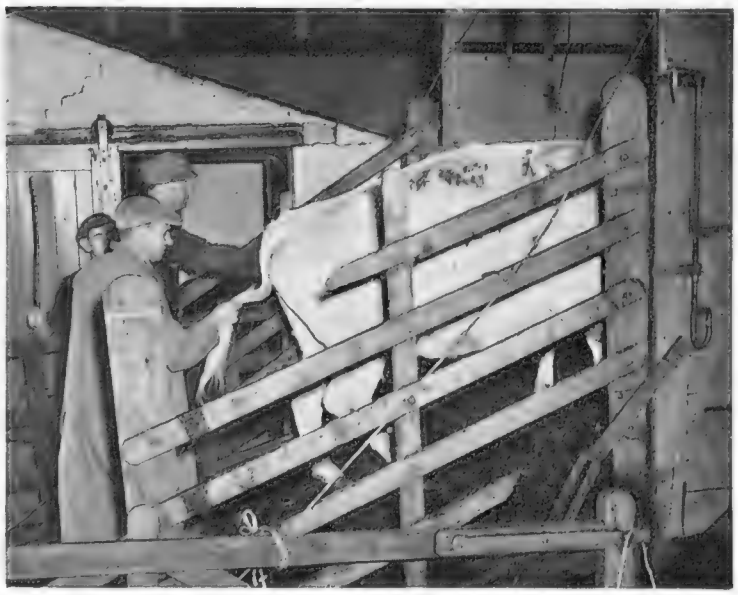
THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

Recent Events in London and Other Parts of the United Kingdom

AN ENTIRE FARM IS MOVED 400 MILES BY RAIL : The scene at Mauchline Station, in Ayrshire, when the livestock belonging to Mr. William Mair were being loaded into a special train to take them to their new home, 400 miles away, in Suffolk. The "special," made up of fifteen wagons, carried over 100 pedigree Ayrshire cows, 2 bulls, 26 bullocks, 300 head of poultry, a horse, 2 collie dogs and the car and household goods of Mr. Mair. The Mairs, whose family have farmed in the Mauchline district for over a century, were moving to Cotton Hall, near Stowmarket. Two weeks' planning were necessary with British Railways to work out the details for this move of the farmstock en bloc. Special plans were made to give the train a clear run through the night. On arrival at its destination floats were waiting to rush the cows to the new farm so that they could be milked. Mr. Mair declared that he thought the Railways had done "a grand job" for his farm.

On right—

A COW STARTS ON HER JOURNEY BY "SPECIAL" TRAIN : She is being loaded into a float at the farm in Mauchline, in Ayrshire. The cows were one of the reasons why the 400-miles journey to Suffolk had to be made in the shortest possible time, as it had to be fitted in between milking periods. By travelling at night, and with the line cleared for the "farm special," this was achieved.



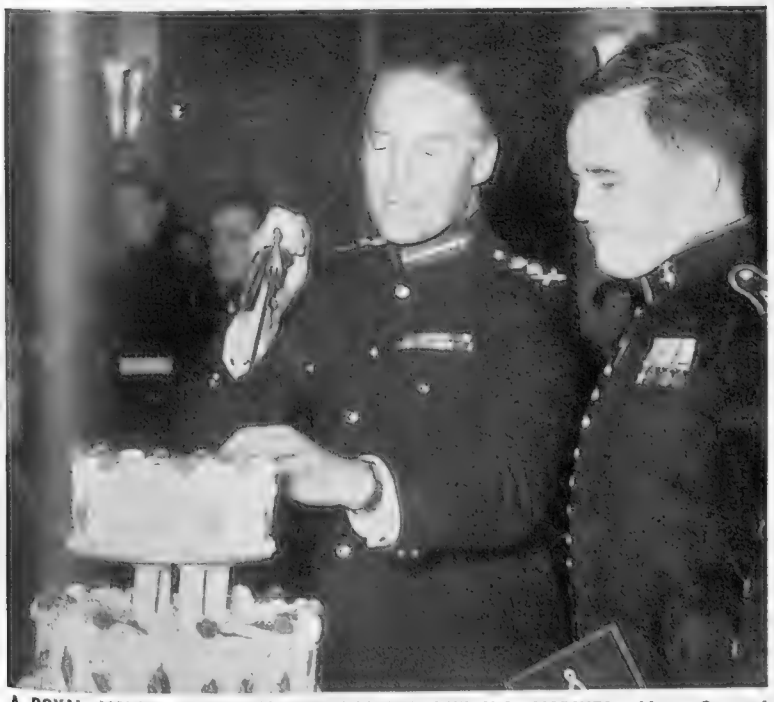
THE DUKE OF WINDSOR IN LONDON : He is seen here on his arrival at Victoria Station with Sir Walter Monckton, who is an old friend. He was also met by Lord Dudley, his host during his visit to this country. While His Royal Highness was in London, a statement was issued on his behalf. It related to certain wartime letters allegedly written by the then German Minister in Holland, and referred to as appearing in a recent volume of *Documents of German Foreign Policy*. The Duke declared that "suggestions affecting him in these letters are completely without foundation."

TO COMMEMORATE A MARKET'S ROYAL CHARTER : Lord George Scott, the brother of the Duchess of Gloucester, after he had unveiled a bust of King Charles I at Swindon. The "Martyr King" granted the market of this North Wiltshire town a Royal Charter in 1626, ordaining that it should be held every week in perpetuity. But the foundation of the market is 700 years old, dating to 1254, when it was founded by William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and half-brother of Henry III

ADDING TO THE FLOWER ATTRACTIONS OF LONDON : Two pictures of flowers being planted. *On left* is a rarity which few other cities can boast. Mrs. E. Neal, of Lighthorne, in Warwickshire, is planting a rare flower beneath London's Roman wall. It is a plant known as Astrantia, which is believed to flourish only where Roman remains exist. Mrs. Lighthorne found it in her garden and presented it to the City Corporation, who asked her to plant it. *On right*—Workmen are planting the spring bulbs in the flower-beds round the Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace. Between 30,000 and 40,000 bulbs are now being planted to bloom next year.

A FIRE AT LORD'S : One of the fire-engines which were called to the famous cricket ground in front of the staff canteen, seriously damaged by fire. However, the damage was limited to this section of the administrative block on the north side of the ground. Four fire-engines were called.

A VINTAGE DANISH CAR IS SPRUCED UP IN READINESS FOR THE VETERAN CAR RUN TO BRIGHTON : This sixty-eight-year-old Danish Hammel car, which was entered for the Brighton run this year, is reputed to be one of the oldest road-worthy cars in existence. The top speed is about nine miles per hour, but it usually travels at seven miles per hour in the interests of safety. Among the peculiarities of this vehicle is the steering : if the steering-wheel is turned to the left, the car turns to the right. The Hammel first came here in 1894.



A ROYAL MARINE BIRTHDAY GREETING FOR THE U.S. MARINES : Lieut.-General J. C. Westall, C.B., C.B.E., Commandant of the Royal Marines, cuts the 179th birthday-cake of the U.S. Marine Corps at their birthday party in London. General Westall was invited by the U.S. Marines to perform this ceremony. On his left is Captain Twohey, of the United States Marines.

A BRITISH SHOW-RIDER'S WEDDING : Mr. Alan Oliver, a member of the British Show-Jumping team, with his bride, the former Miss Gene Whewell, on the steps of St. Peter's Church, Bury, Lancashire, after their wedding. They are being congratulated by Roy Jones, Huntsman of the Holcombe Hunt. Mr. Jones had brought the hounds of the pack to add their greetings. The bridegroom had flown from Paris, where he was competing with the British team.

THE START OF THE "OLD CROCKS" RUN FOR 1954: The Royal Automobile Club's annual London to Brighton run for veteran cars last Sunday was marred by a fatal accident. A passenger in a 1902 Panhard Levassor was killed near Hayward's Heath. This spoilt the occasion, for which there was a record entry—212 cars, each of them at least fifty years old. The picture *on the left* shows two entries at the starting point in Hyde Park. The De Dion Bouton with the tasselled roof backs to the starting-line, while an open 1901 Mors awaits its turn. *On the right* is pictured a Krieger brougham, built in Paris in 1898. It is being driven from Parliament Square, with Big Ben in the background, by its entrant, Mr. E. Powell, while on its way to rehearse for a television programme. On Sunday's 56-mile run, 182 of the 212 cars completed the journey in the specified time. Spectators were also attracted in record numbers. Near the start in Hyde Park there were 30,000, and from London to the finish in Madeira Drive, in Brighton, there were almost unbroken lines of spectators on both sides of the road. This meant extreme pressure of traffic, the police reporting that in some places it was the heaviest they had known.

STEAMING TO BRIGHTON: Not all the entries were powered by internal combustion. This is the Soame Steam Cart, of 1897, at the starting point. It was entered by Mr. J. M. Edwards.

A GOOD START FOR "THE OWL": A Daimler of 1897 vintage, nicknamed "The Owl," gets away from Hyde Park. In the background are some of the vast crowd of spectators.

THE VETERAN CAR RALLY

The London to Brighton "Old Crocks" Run was Marred this Year by the First Fatality in its Fifty-eight Years' History

GOING STRONG AT WESTMINSTER BRIDGE: Two pictures of some of the "old crocks," with still over fifty miles of the run before them. *On left*—Ancient precedes Modern off the bridge. Two veterans, each at least fifty years old, ahead of a Land-Rover, a bus and a Rover saloon. *On right*—Two 1900 De Dion Bouton voiturettes, with close behind them, a 1901 Benz two-seater. The run celebrated the fifty-eighth anniversary of the emancipation of British motoring from restrictive legislation.

AN ACCIDENT : The steering gear of Commander C. L. A. Woollard's 1895 Leon Bollée failed outside Buckingham Palace, and injured a child. Police are seen here taking details of the accident.

PRELUDE TO TRAGEDY : Mr. R. K. N. Clarkson's 1902 Panhard Levassor, on the left, overtakes Mr. S. E. Sears' 1901 Mors by the Houses of Parliament. Later the Panhard was involved in a fatal accident. It occurred at Bolney, near Haywards Heath, in Sussex, when the Panhard struck the back of a modern car. One of the veteran's passengers was thrown out and killed. This is the first fatality in the history of the "Emancipation Run."

AN AVERAGE SPEED OF TWENTY MILES AN HOUR : This was what many entries achieved. The two seen here are a 1903 Napoleon, on the left, and a Mercédès of the same year. Parts of the route were congested by following cars and spectators.

THE OLDEST VETERAN: The 1886 Danish Hammel. Because of its age, it was allowed to start half an hour ahead of the proper time. It finished its journey in 12½ hours.

THE FIRST HOME AT BRIGHTON : Mr. M. E. Davenport, of Macclesfield, Cheshire, driving his 1901 Progress. Among the other finishers were Mr. W. Andrews, Chairman of the R.A.C., in a 1901 Benz, and Mr. F. S. Bennet, President of the Veteran Car Club, in a 1903 Cadillac. But the run is neither a race nor a competitive event.

THE END OF THE FIFTY-SIX-MILES RUN : Spectators, who turned out in record numbers all along the route, watch one of the veterans at the finishing point on Brighton Front. The West Pier is in the background. Until 1896 motorists had to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag. The first London to Brighton run was held when this restriction was lifted.

PETROL TAX AND THREE-WHEELERS

A Campaign for a Reduction of the Petrol Tax in the Next Budget; Tricars are Becoming Increasingly Popular; New British Motor Scooters; and a Glance at Other Topical Motoring Interests

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

BRITAIN'S garage men have taken the lead in a campaign for a reduction of the petrol tax in the next Budget. They are doing this through their national organisation, the Motor Agents' Association, and all motorists will wish them well.

Half-a-crown tax on every gallon of petrol sold is a harsh impost. It is not only the pleasure motorist who is affected. This unfair, exorbitant, monstrous tax—I quote Mr. Stuart Malcolm, President of the M.A.A.—is also a serious burden on trade, industry and public transport in all its forms.

I will go as far as to say the petrol tax makes life more difficult for every man and woman in the country by adding in many hidden ways to their weekly expenses. It wouldn't be so bad if a reasonable proportion of the money yielded by the petrol tax were used for urgently needed road improvements. The fact is that only a tiny fraction is so employed. The term "Road Fund" has, alas, lost its old meaning.

The picture reproduced with my last Motoring Notes of Mr. Sydney Allard's plastic-bodied three-wheeler—the "Clipper"—aroused much interest. It is certainly a fascinating addition to the list of tricars now available in Britain, though use of the word "available" might suggest they are all in large-scale production, which they are not.

We now have—in addition to the Allard Clipper—the Bond Minicar, the A.C. Petite, the Reliant Regal and the Vernon Gordon. They range in price from £259 15s. (including tax) for the standard version of the Minicar, which has a single-cylinder, air-cooled two-stroke engine of 197 cc., to £381 for the Reliant Regal, which has a 747 cc. 4-cylinder water-cooled engine based on a unit formerly used in the old Austin Seven.

These little runabouts are becoming increasingly popular among several different sections of the motoring public. First and foremost, I suppose, come the family men who can't afford to buy or run a four-wheeled car and who like more protection against the weather than is given by a motor-cycle and sidecar.

Three-wheelers are also in increasing demand, as an inexpensive runabout, by families who already own a bigger car. It is normally regarded as the plaything of the lady of the house, who uses it for shopping, attending meetings of the Women's Institute, taking the children to school or running her husband to the station.

Since the Bond Minicar first appeared, nearly 10,000 have been sold, and the makers claim that only one of them has been involved in a fatal accident. Production is now running at the rate of sixty a week, and Lieut.-Colonel C. R. Grey, the managing director, tells me that enough new factory space is being built to step up his output to 100 a week.

"TELEVISING" FAULTS IN CARS: The English Electric Ignition Tester (sold by Tecalemit Ltd.) is being used to check a car's ignition system. The ignition tester employs a smaller edition of the cathode ray screen used in a television set. Simply by connecting three leads to the ignition system of a vehicle, it is possible to see pictures or "wave forms" of the working conditions of the complete system, these pictures being "televised" from the running engine on to the cathode-ray screen. By comparing wave forms on the screen with those shown in the instruction manual provided with the equipment, it is possible to diagnose faulty condensers, coils and plugs. No external power is required for driving the equipment.

The 1955 models incorporate a number of improvements. The bonnet-top and rear mudguards are now made of reinforced glass fibre and are virtually dent-proof; the brakes and exhaust silencer are more efficient; the interior trim is less austere; and the canvas hood has been replaced by one made from a durable plastic material.

The price of the standard model has been reduced by nearly £10 and you can now buy the family model (with room for three adults in front and two children in the rear seat) for £284 10s. With a normal fuel consumption of about 70 miles to the gallon, the cost of running a Minicar works out at less than 1d. a mile.

The Allard Clipper has accommodation for three adults inside its plastic cabin and for two children in its little "dickey" seat. It costs £267 15s. and has a two-stroke engine of 346 cc.

Powered by the same 197-cc. engine as the Minicar, the Gordon is being manufactured by Vernons, the football pool people. The engine is mounted at the right-hand side of a stout little chassis frame and drives the off-side rear wheel by chain. This method forms an interesting comparison with the front-wheel-drive Minicar, whose engine is attached to the front wheel and moves round with it as the car is steered to left or right.

The Gordon costs £269 17s. in its standard form (which includes an electric starter). The saloon-style A.C. Petite has a rear-mounted 346-cc. engine with chain drive and costs £308. The Reliant Regal, which is more like a four-wheeler than most tricars, has a four-speed gear-box and shaft drive to the rear axle. It costs £381.

In producing his four-wheeled plastic-bodied Atom, Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, the R.A.F.'s wartime Pathfinder chief, has tackled the design problems of the "people's car" in a different way. Independent springing of each wheel makes for comfort and stability, but the use of four wheels instead of three increases the annual licence duty from £5 to £12 10s.

Air Vice-Marshal Bennett has given his car plenty of room inside. The distance from the driving seat to the windscreen seems enormous and there is an incredible amount of leg room (part of which, however, has to be used as luggage space). The Atom costs £369 4s.

The fact that the Motor-cycle Show ends to-day makes this brief review of Britain's three-wheelers topical, and for the same reason I want to say a few words about two new British motor-scooters designed to challenge the Italian models which have dominated the scooter market for the past two or three years.

They are the Dayton Albatross and the Harper Scootamobile, both of which cost around the £180 mark, including tax. This is over £50 more than the price of the cheapest Italian-designed scooter on sale in Britain—the Vespa, which is built under licence at Bristol by the Douglas Company—but the British designers have set out to give more power and comfort at high cruising speeds.

The Albatross, for example, has a two-stroke engine of 225 cc., which gives a top speed of 65 m.p.h. yet offers a petrol consumption of 80 m.p.g. at normal speeds. This compares with the Vespa's 125-cc. unit and the Lambretta's 123-cc. engine.

The Scootamobile compromises with a 197 cc. unit which is of the same make and size as that used by the Minicar and the Gordon. Designed by Mr. "Spike" Rhiando, the racing motorist, this scooter has torsion-bar rear springing, built-in side panniers, an integral windscreen, foot gear-change, and other interesting design features.

Now let 's get back to the cars. . . . Vauxhall Motors have announced an interesting new scheme to help owners of their cars to keep a closer check on maintenance. Soon, every Vauxhall car delivered will have, fitted near the driver's seat, a little pocket containing a book of twenty vouchers.

Each of these vouchers sets out in detail the attention the car needs every 1,000 miles. Through a window in the voucher pocket the driver can see the mileage at which his car will next be due for a lubrication service, an oil change, or such like. The cost of the various jobs is printed on each voucher and Vauxhall owners are not required to pay until the work has been done.

In this respect the scheme differs from the Ford system of selling books of maintenance vouchers to Ford owners, who use them like cheques to pay the garage man for doing specified work.

I recently had an interesting talk with Dr. Heinz Nordhoff, the Volkswagen chief. He told me that his factory at Wolfsburg, near Hanover, which in 1948 was building only twenty-six cars a day, is now producing nearly 1,000 a day.

"By the middle of next year," he said, "we hope to be turning out 1,250 daily and our planning is such that I can confidently predict that our millionth car will leave the assembly lines on August 8 next." Wars and strikes permitting, of course!

Dr. Nordhoff proudly pointed out that his Wolfsburg plant is the fourth largest car factory in the world, ranking next only to General Motors, Ford and the British Motor Corporation. The secret of the success of the Volkswagen is, of course, no secret at all. It is fundamentally a good, reliable car—though a lot of eulogistic nonsense is often talked about it—and the firm's one-model-only policy simplifies manufacturing process, cuts production costs and makes it easier to organise a world-wide servicing system.

For next season the British Grand Prix is being switched from Silverstone to Mrs. Mirabel Topham's new £1,000,000 racing circuit at Aintree, home of the Grand National. With this move comes a change of sponsorship from the *Daily Express* to the *Daily Telegraph*. The British Grand Prix has been staged at Silverstone for the past seven years. The R.A.C. ran it themselves from 1948 to 1951 and then handed over the job to the British Racing Drivers' Club.

"The R.A.C. now feels," a club official stated recently, "that in view of the successful inauguration of the new racing circuit at Aintree, Northern followers of the sport should be given an opportunity of seeing the country's premier motor-race."

ONE OF THE FIRST ALL-BRITISH MOTOR SCOOTERS: The Dayton Albatross, which is now being made by the Dayton Cycle Co. Ltd., of Park Royal, London, has a total cost of £182.14.0. The saddle is raised to show the petrol tank.

I don't think much of that idea put forward by our Minister of Transport for giving an "honours" degree to driving-licence candidates who do particularly well in their tests. Good, safe driving is not merely a question of skill. Temperament enters into the matter very considerably. Even the best drivers can make terrible mistakes through carelessness, and they can also cause a lot of inconvenience to other road users if they are in a hurry or otherwise influenced by an unreasonable urge to "press on regardless."

Conversely, people who are allergic to examinations of any kind sometimes only just scrape through their driving test owing to nervousness in the presence of an examiner. After passing the test their nervousness vanishes, and they could become better, safer drivers than many who might swagger away with an "honours" pass.

A HOME-MADE CAR ON SHOW AT THE THIRD GADGETS EXHIBITION IN PARIS: It is a three-wheeler built by André Siames, an electrician, of Boulogne-sur-Seine, near Paris. The car is powered by a 1 h.p. motor, with three speeds forward and a reverse. It has already covered 12,000 miles and can reach 50 m.p.h. with two passengers.

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"Do you think I might have a little whisky instead: I should prefer White Horse if you have it."

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THEY SERVED THE PEOPLE

R. J. Minney Tells the Life Story of Viscount Southwood, One of the Greatest Names of Our Times in the Newspaper World; Frank Owen's Biography of Lloyd George

ONE of the greatest names of our times in the newspaper world belonged to a man who was small in stature but always big in vision. J. S. Elias began his working life as a newspaper boy and then as an errand boy at five shillings a week; he died Viscount Southwood in 1946, and his name is remembered and commemorated not only in the lovely gardens he had planned round the restored church of St. James's, Piccadilly, or in the ramifications of the Press and publishing business which he built up, but by the countless charities for which he raised immense sums of money in the last thirty years of his life.

VISCOUNT SOUTHWOOD (Odhams. 25s.) is a biography of the great little man by Mr. R. J. Minney, who has brought to the work the experience of his own long friendship and a practical understanding of the scope, and the detail, of Lord Southwood's career. On a material level this is, of course, a success story and an inspiring one, for what it shows of one man's initiative, imagination and unremitting hard work: on another level it is the story of a humanitarian whose principal concern was the alleviation of poverty and suffering. "He served the people," wrote a fellow peer, "because he loved the people." This book, fine in its production as in its conception, is in a very real sense a tribute to him.

It is said that Lloyd George (we simply cannot, even now, think of him as Earl Lloyd-George) once boasted that, having been a solicitor, he never parted with any of his papers, and kept an efficient file. The enormous volume of these has been made available to his latest biographer, though it is doubtful if even Mr. Frank Owen can know what documents, if any, the careful Welsh solicitor did not choose to allow to come under the scrutiny of posterity. TEMPESTUOUS JOURNEY (Hutchinson. 25s.) is a very large book of nearly 800 pages, and the subject, being what it is, and the author being well skilled in the art of readability, there is scarcely a dull page in it.

It would not be an understatement to say that more than any one man of his time and age, David Lloyd George, by his own dynamic gifts and personality, affected the course of history. It may be that Liberalism as a force in politics was doomed in any circumstances, but it cannot be denied that he accelerated its practical demise and that the emergence of the Labour Party as a political force was precipitated thereby. He may have "won the war" in 1918 and ridden back to power on that triumphant slogan, but equally certainly he lost the peace and sowed the seeds of an even more disastrous struggle. His demagogic gifts remained unimpaired while he was in the political wilderness, but they were not strong enough, this time, to ride over political conditions largely of his own creation. Winston Churchill offered to take him into his first Government, but by that time he knew he was finished.

Mr. Owen's biography is frank, illuminating and, on the whole, fair to its subject. Some readers may be even more interested in the sidelights it sheds on some of Lloyd George's contemporaries and, in particular, Lloyd George's personal relations with the Sovereigns he served. I think it should be said that Mr. Frank Owen has done a stupendous job stupendously well.

EUPHORMIO'S SATYRICON: This is the title page of John Barclay's *Euphormionis Satyricon*, translated from the Latin into English for the first time, from the 1605 edition, by Paul Turner. The volume, printed on rag paper, is enriched with ten wood-engravings by Derrick Harris. It is published by The Golden Cockerel Press and is limited to 260 copies. The "Specials" are bound in crimson morocco blocked in gold and cost 20 gns.; the "Ordinaries" in cloth with gold device are 7 gns. Another volume from the same firm is *The Serpent's Presence*, by Eurof Walters, with eight wood-engravings by Clifford Webb. The edition is limited to 290 copies and costs 8 gns. (specially bound) and 4 gns.

From the statesman to the soldier, with the memoirs of General Sir Hubert Gough, who is almost the last survivor of the officers of the pre-1914 Regular Army who held high command during the First World War. SOLDIERING ON (Arthur Barker. 18s.) is, in its straightforward and spirited style, very nearly a model of what such an autobiography should be. It is lucid in its exposition of the campaigns in 1914–18 with which General Gough was concerned, lively in its descriptions of peace-time service, of fishing and shooting in Ireland in the 'eighties, and of a cavalry officer's life in India in the 'nineties, and, in my opinion, most interesting of all in its account of the relief of Ladysmith, when the author was the first officer to enter the besieged city.

MERCURY PRESIDES (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.) is an autobiography too, but otherwise has nothing but its candour and vitality in common with the last book. It is a chronicle of the life of one who could accurately be described as a high-spirited beauty; and (although she is far from making the analogy herself) one who, by birth, beauty and insouciance, might have been a typical Regency heroine. Daphne Fielding was the daughter of Lord Vivian and tells us that she and her brother were brought up somewhat erratically by him, by a series of rather violent governesses and by her two grandmothers who cordially disliked each other and respectively bullied and spoiled the children.

The author was a schoolgirl and then a debutante in the 'twenties and married, first secretly and then socially, Lord Weymouth, becoming eventually the Marchioness of Bath. As a girl, she was one of the Brighter of the Young Things—and as a young married woman she managed to combine the raising of a family with travels which were undertaken with equal *brio* whether on yachts or bicycles, electioneering, riding, parties and yet more parties.

Mrs. Fielding, as she now is, gives a picture of her gregarious life with its attendant circle of dogs, horses and birds, and its constant company of friends that, whether you like it or not, is a most vivid impression of a youth that was as reckless as it was golden and gay.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.) is (or are) really a work of piety, for in this volume Miss Jerry Allen has with immense industry and care collected together scores of the incidents from the great American humorist's works which were based on his own experiences and which, arranged chronologically here, give the reader a clear picture of the life of the man himself. It is particularly apt that this method should be applied to Mark Twain because, in life, he always seems to have had the last word about himself, and it is doubtful whether a classic form of biography could beat the master at his own game. He was his own critic, too, and in 1886 scribbled this on a piece of paper which has recently come to light:

"When the Lord finished the world, he pronounced it good. That is what I said about my first work too. But Time, I tell you, Time takes the confidence out of these incautious early opinions. It is more than likely that He thinks about the world, now, pretty much as I think about *The Innocents Abroad*. The fact is, there is a trifle too much water in both."

The next two books, in spite of their different approaches to the subject of captivity, are both expressions of great character and spirit. The first, A PRISONER'S PROGRESS (Hollis and Carter. 9s. 6d.), was published soon after the war and is re-issued now that the times are thought more propitious for an evaluation of the feats it describes. Mr. David James tells the story of his escape from a prison camp near Bremen in 1943. He was a naval officer operating in M.G.B.s in the North Sea, and his account of his capture, imprisonment and later exploits which led him to Sweden and at last to London have a sailor's imprint of toughness, ingenuity and imperturbable good cheer. IN SPITE OF DUNGEONS (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is an account by the Reverend S. J. Davies, the only military chaplain to survive Chinese Communist capture after the battle of the Imjin River, of life in the officers' compound in a prison camp on the Manchurian border. I think there is no need to stress the courage and the pathos of the story told in these pages.

BEN JONSON OF WESTMINSTER (Robert Hale. 18s.) is a more mannerly reconstruction of an age done, as it were, by lamplight rather than lightning flashes, but none the less readable or scholarly for that. Miss Marchette Chute is writing here of a period which she has long studied, but which, and with nearly equal importance, she finds sympathetic and interesting beyond the dry bones of scholarly research, so that when she quotes his epitaph: "O rare Ben Jonson," one may feel that Miss Chute, as well as the unknown passer-by who inspired it, realises the truth of that brief, extraordinary line.

Back to the twelfth century and France, Angoulême and Poitou in particular, with THE UNHURRYING CHASE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.), a reprint of Miss H. F. M. Prescott's evocative and spirited novel which was first published nearly thirty years ago and, on re-reading, seems none the worse for its maturity.

THE TIME OF THE FIRE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.) is by the American writer Mr Marc Brandel, a name you should add to your list if it is not there already. The present story concerns a series of murders in a small town; murders which bring inevitable suspicions that poison the whole life of the place. A good essay in mob psychology and an unusually good thriller.

FOX AND HARE IN LEICESTERSHIRE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.) *is a collection of Random Thoughts and Memories by Eric Morrison.*

THE MOUNTAINS OF MY LIFE (Blackwood. 21s.), *by Ashenden, is the author's own story of his journeys in Turkey and the Alps. There are many illustrations.*

A YEAR WITH HORSES (Hodder and Stoughton. 40s.), *written and illustrated by John Board, is a record of a typical year of equestrian events, including items of pageantry and show jumping.*

THE FIFTH ESTATE

The Trade Union Movement Surveyed

Francis Williams, historian of the Labour movement, chooses what he calls the Fifth Estate of the Realm, the trade union movement, for his latest survey. He calls it MAGNIFICENT JOURNEY (Odhams. 15s.), and he shows how this essential and increasingly influential part of the basic fabric of our society had its origins and secured its growth. Where to begin has been Mr. Williams's problem, for there is no clear-cut dividing-line between the end of the medieval guilds and the start of the unions as we know them to-day. The irresistible human impulse for free association has clearly been a dominant factor in trade union development since earliest days, aided vastly by the dire conditions in the towns when Britain ceased to be, in the main, an agricultural nation in the nineteenth century, becoming instead a workshop for the whole world. Mr. Williams shows the added impetus to trade unionism created by the Combination Acts, which drove the trade clubs underground, forcing them to such expedients as meeting on the moors and peaks of the Midlands and the North Country, or in a different house of call each week, as was the case with the London tailors. The clubs survived because, although the Acts were severe, only a spasmodic severity could be imposed, early nineteenth-century authorities being notably inefficient in implementing Parliamentary decisions.

Coming to more modern times the author highlights the dock strike of 1889, when Burns, Mann and Tillett led the dockers to victory, en route mobilizing the forces of public opinion at all levels of society and indeed across half the world. That victory in dockland was a "shot in the arm" for the trade union movement, and it led almost immediately to the swing to political action when, at the turn of the century, the Ayrshire miner, Keir Hardie, linked the "new unionism" with the "new socialism" and paved the way for the first twenty-nine Labour M.P.s who advanced on Westminster in 1906. Mr. Williams carries his story right up to the present day, ending with a plea for strong union leadership reconciled with democratic control.

What is likely to prove one of the most discussed and publicised books of recent months is Russell Braddon's CHESHIRE, V.C. (Evans Brothers. 12s. 6d.). This is in part a biography of the much-decorated Group Captain who flew over a hundred war-time missions without a break, and helped to perfect a hair-raising bombing technique, time and time again leading the squadrons over the key targets of Germany. It is in part, too, the story of a man who was the shocked witness of the bombing of Nagasaki, and of what befell him thereafter. In the uneasy years of peace Cheshire, despite ill health, has made it his mission in life to restore faith in God, to relieve suffering and to combat the threat of war. He is clearly a man with a quicksilver mind. Only this year he "escaped" from hospital and made a flying trip to Lourdes. So great were the consolations of that journey that he came back determined to organise charter flights to that place of pilgrimage, provided at nominal cost in many cases. No one reading this book will doubt that Cheshire is a man both of faith and works and a deep sincerity. Russell Braddon has not made the mistake of explaining him too easily.

Alfred North Whitehead is one of the great seers of modern times. Lucien Price has set himself up as Whitehead's Boswell, recording for posterity some of the words of an unvenerated master who was also a lively, kindly person who enjoyed and excelled in the arts of informal conversation. DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD (Max Reinhardt. 25s.) moves spontaneously from literature to religion, science to morality; politics to art, and, indeed, covers a vast range of human thought. This is a book to treasure, and let no one feel before he has read it that the mantle of Boswell is necessarily too much for Mr. Price. It is an astonishingly good fit.

Downside is a great Roman Catholic public school, but Dom Hubert Van Zeller has not permitted the importance of his subject to weigh down upon his prose. DOWNSIDE BY AND LARGE (Sheed and Ward. 21s.) is both a serious history of the school and a most entertaining book. Even the accidental shooting of one of the school's headmasters is chronicled with due deference to schoolboy humour. The author records that a Reptonian once told a Downside contemporary that "we usually send our headmasters off to be Archbishops; what happens to yours?" "Oh, we shoot 'em," replied the lad from Downside.

MORE OPERA NIGHTS (Putnam. 42s.) is the third volume of Ernest Newman's famous Opera Nights series. The object of these volumes is the simple and practical one of helping the listener to opera to get a closer look at each work as the composer himself saw it. *Salome, La Bohême, Figaro, Tosca, Rigoletto, Aïda* and *The Magic Flute* are among the seventeen operas in this volume.

FAITH AND FREEDOM (Hamish Hamilton. 16s.) is Barbara Ward's study of Western society. She links the expansion of freedom with the traditional faith of the West, showing how they are interdependent. This is a most erudite survey, the product of extensive reading and some deep personal thinking.

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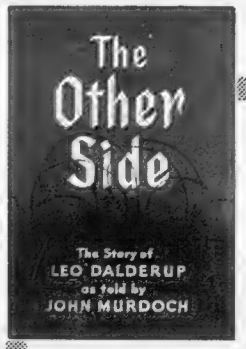

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Perturbed Spirits. . . . Edited by R. C. Bull, with an Introduction by Herbert Van Thal. An assembly of unusual Ghost Stories for the devotee. Diversity and choice will keep the most avid reader in suspense. (*Arthur Barker.* 12*s.* 6*d.*)

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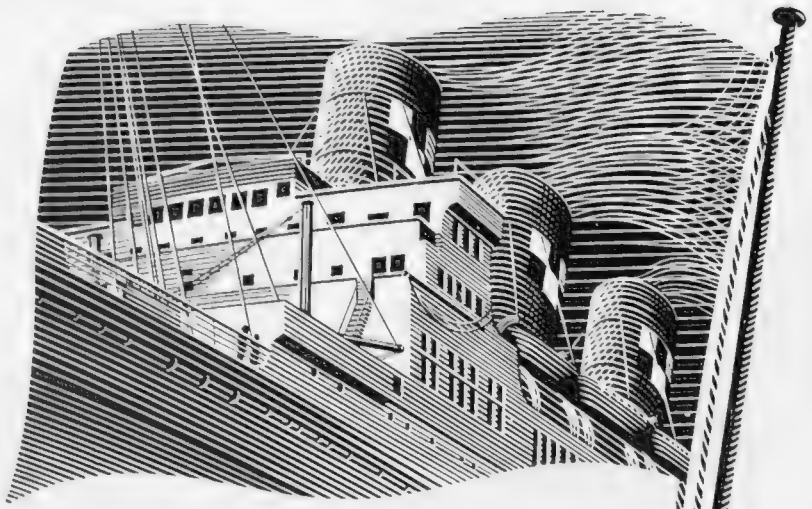

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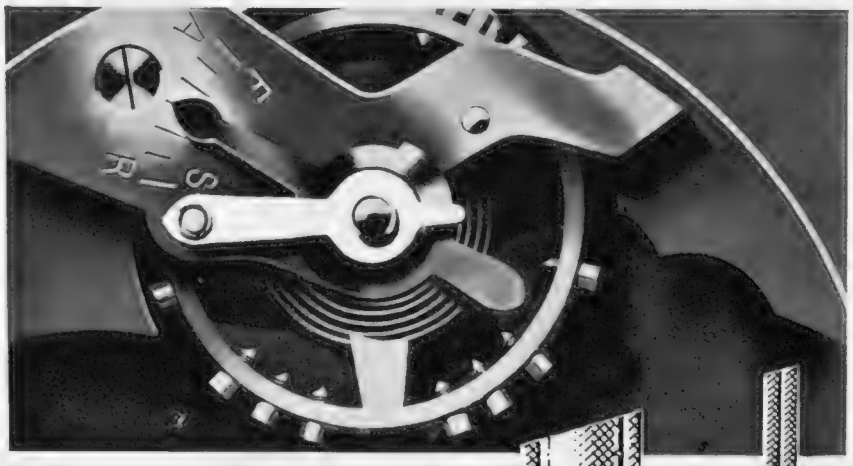

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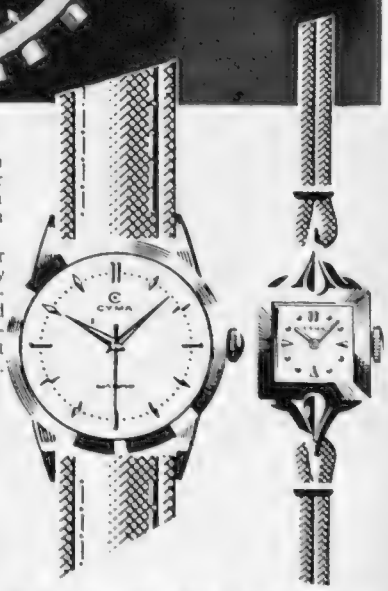

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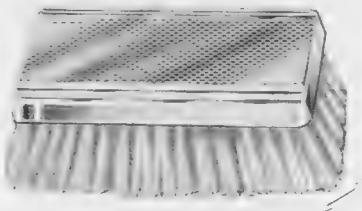

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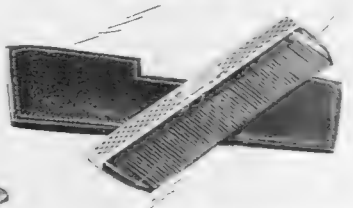

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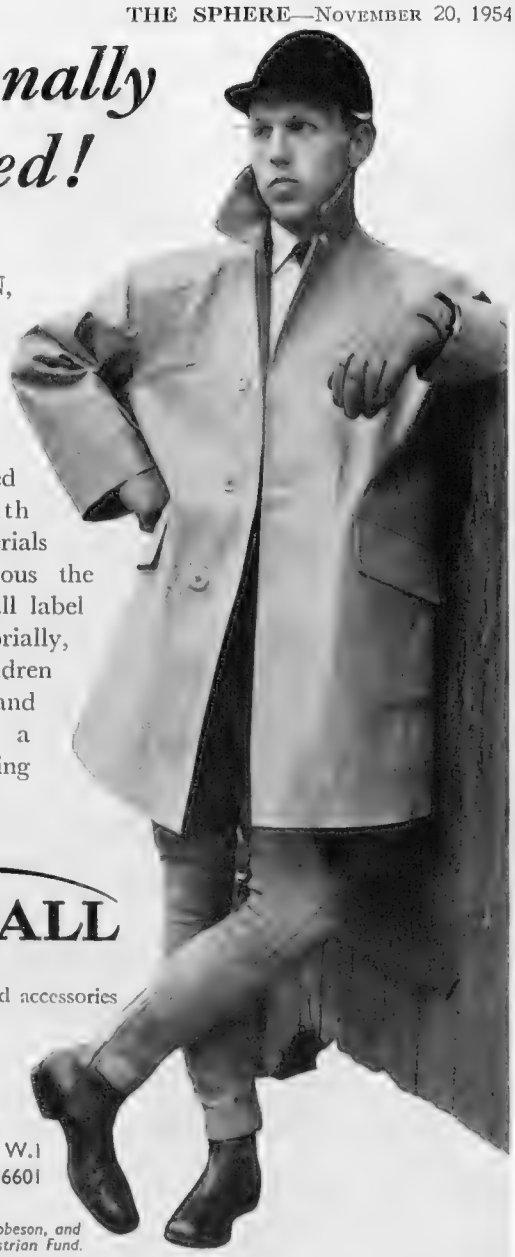

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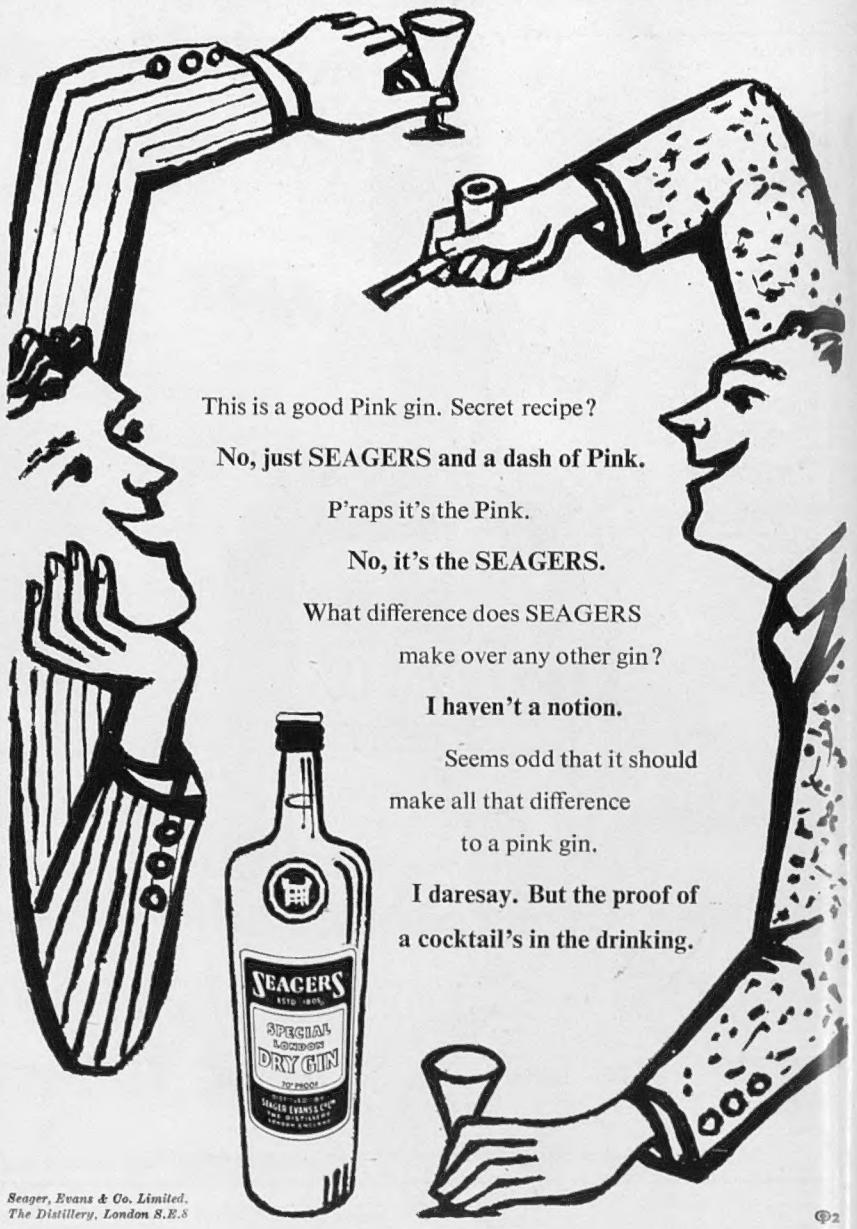

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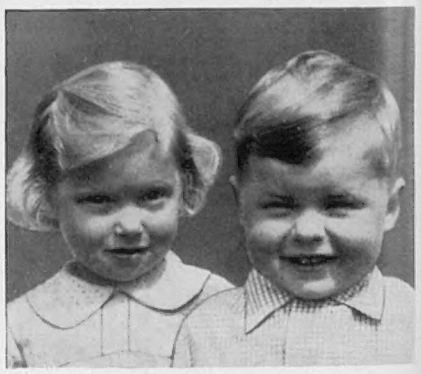

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